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BABY FLORENCE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Fine-lined pillow's on my breast,
Velvet cheek on mine is pressed—
Arms that round the mother cling
Like the tendrils of the vine.
Calmest low of Baby-sleeping,
Like a fairy's moonlight waning!
Softness of intense delight,
Uniting other joys to flight!
Wealth no eye sees write delight so,
Baby Florence brought to me!

Floating visions night and day,
Of a baby pale as clay,
Stillness, such as fills the eyes
When a stretch of weary days
Hath been watched by watchers,
"Father! not my will but Thine."
Treasured memories, soft and sweet,
Blessed hope again to greet,
Gifts so veiled, rich and free,
Baby Florence left with me.

Then, who from this mortal shore
To the home the sinless bore,
Thou, who knew'st our inmost thought,
Thanks be what the baby brought,—
And though broken and bereft,
Thanks for what the cherub left.

Hartford, Conn., April 29th, 1861.

THE HUNTED FELON;

OR,

THE FORTUNE-TELLER OF LYNN.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY MRS. C. F. GERRY.

CHAPTER I.

Reach, breach, breach,
On the foot of thy crags, O sea,
But the tears of mortal hearts they heed
Had never come back to me!—Tennyson.

"Ahh! that must be the Petrel! Give me your glass—quick! I tell you this suspense is more terrible than the rack of the old martyrs!"

It was a woman's voice that spoke thus, but its sweet pitch was trembling through its tones; and the speaker, they were harsh and unnatural, as the exclamation quick and sharp, as if every word cost the speaker's life a wild throe. The little, wiren-faced old man at her side bestowed his glass, and handed it to her, without reply.

"By my faith, I did not dream it was the Petrel; your eye is keener than mine."

"Long watching has made it so," replied the woman. "O, the weary, weary days and nights I have spent here, with the rain beating against my face like hailstones, the wind shrieking, sweeping me from the rocks, the waves sending their salt spray over me!"

"More fool you," muttered the old man, shrugging his shoulders; "if you were as young and beautiful as Hortense L'Estrange, I'd never waste my life in watching for—for a man, who wouldn't thank me for it! Come, come, away!"

"Silence, silence, Antoine! I shall not go home till my wild thirst for revenge is slaked! Hark ye—I hate the captain of the Petrel, I hate her who was to take passage with him from Savannah to Boston. If the night comes on stormy, as old sailors say it will, in spite of this sunset, false lights shall lure his barque upon the rocks! If it should clear off, and they drop anchor in Saugus river, instead of breasting the temptuous sea to their destined port, I shall find another way for my vengeance to work! You understand, now? Keep still while I give the Petrel a second look!"

As she ceased speaking, she turned to the vessel, and nothing could have been more striking than the picture she formed. She stood on the highest part of Castle Rock, a great ledge on the north-eastern side of Nahant, whose huge, rude battlements and embrasures have given tenses, and elements and seasons, displaying to the best advantage the proud arch of the graceful neck. Her scarlet shirt of Damascus silk, her bodice of black velvet, laced across the bust with a heavy gold cord and tassels, her quaint cordeque and bracelets, starred with rubies, which seemed to flash like live coals to the light struck upon them, and the wreath of sea-weed twisted in and out amid her curls, made a fantastic aspect to the strange creature. The waves scattled at her feet, the spray still glistened on her dark hair, and a second gull circled above her, while the man at her side, with his slight, dwarfish figure, his elfin face and foreign costume, might have been taken for some sea-goblin, lured from his realms by this beautiful storm-Sylph.

It was some eighty-seven years ago that the events we are describing took place, when Massachusetts was still a British colony.

For several days the weather had been as fickle as a gray sky, incessant rain, and wailing winds could make it, but the sun had just set in serene splendor. Its purple-red fires were burning themselves out amidst clouds of crimson, flecked with gold, but the lull was still swept by in fierce gusts, the waves surged mountain-high, and away to the westward, they were bare as rich as those that flush the waters when break against "Summer Isles of Eden," in dark, purple spheres of sea."

But Hortense had no eye for this grand scene, save as it affected her interests; her gaze was fixed on this in question.

"What do you see?" asked old Antoine.

"The Petrel," was the sharp reply; "her gallant captain and crew are all safe—her passengers are thronging on deck. Among them stands a girl"—she hesitated an instant, and then went on, hissing the words out like a serpent—"a girl whose beauty has been my bane to!

Once more she paused, and remained silent for several moments.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she resumed, that great billow has tossed the ship much nearer! How persons Grace is, as she stands at the stern! What bloom, what light there is in her young face, for she thinks the danger past! There, the captain has moved to her side; with what a confiding gaze she looks up to him! Ah! I see, she loves him; poor and unknown as he is, she would cower him with her beauty and wealth! I'll be sworn, should her uncle make no objections to the match."

The old man did not reply to these outbursts of passion, but his brow knit, and his slight form almost unconsciously took a defiant attitude.

Hortense L'Estrange watched the Petrel so long as she could discern anything on board, and then sank down on the rock, and dropped the spy-glass from her nerveless hand. In that hour she held a witness upon with accuracy. The surging billows, the wild, Salmat rocks, the cliff which vanished in southern home rose before her, with airy verandas, long, low French windows, and walls, gleaming in pillared splendor, through the foliage of the magnolia and stately China trees. Again she raved through grounds where fountains laughed, and blooming vines were their thick tangles, and Oriental pavilions lifted their slender minarets toward the sky. She recalled her first sea-voyage, when, after a long illness, her father took her in search of health. In almost contrast to her present watchdowers, there rose before her the isles of the South Sea Islands, shadowy with the tassled palms, cocoa and banana, balmy with the breath of tropic bloom and fruitage, and haunted by strange, bright birds on starry wings. Once more, as in those days, she saw the fine form and handsome face of the young man at the "Sea-Bird;" once more heard his deep, rich voice, inquiring if she were not better. Every more rambled amid what seemed like gardens of eternal summer, leaning on his arm. Every incident of young Crofton, even the plucking of a purple pigeon-berry and the gathering of a bunch of rare flowers, came back to her now, and how much they have dreamed on I know not, but she has been aroused by a sullen, booming sound, like a signal of distress. She started to her feet, and gazed around in wonder, and, shield in hand, with savage delight.

Night had come on—such a night as no mariner or board the dismasted ship, no old settler on shore, had often known. Wild winds battled with each other, and piqued most freakish and fantastic antics in the rock, and dropped now tearing the white sails into shreds, and now sending every branch creak and sway; one moment shrieking like a victorious demon, and the next sobbing out a wail of the dead, while, on through all the tempest, in the great cemetery below. The sea roared and surged, and lashed itself into feathery foam, and ever and anon opened vast chasms, dark as Tartarus, and colder than Caucasian snow. The lightning, like a fiery pen, wound writing on the black clouds overhead the "Mene" of their destiny, and across the white waste of water came the boom, boom, boom of far-off thunder, while away to the south they could hear, in the lulls of the storm, the scolding of the waves as they broke over Egg Rock.

"It is a terrible storm," said Antoine; "you ought not to be exposed to it; come, come home, I pray you!"

"Not for the world; it is a glorious night for my purpose. Hear how the billows roar over the Slag rocks; how fiercely the water boils in Cauldron Cliff, and what a cloud there is in the Spouting Horn! Ha! ha!" and her laugh, like the shriek of the storm, echoed along the coast.

"You are a desperate woman," exclaimed the old man.

"Yes, and he made me so, when he trampled my heart under his feet. I know Richard Crofton's nature well; he would never flee a signal gun unless he were in great extremity. It is evident that he has lost his reckoning; he must be led still farther astray. Antoine, you are my trusty servant—you will not fail me now."

"No, my lady. I thou where you flee, ours where you curse! What would you have me do?"

"Hasten to Pierre's cottage, ask his wife for the red light, and rear it as soon as possible!"

"And where?"

"Just opposite Egg Rock; in the brightest day it is visible—mount the two-wagon's mast; should a vessel run ashore there, she would go to pieces in ten minutes!"

"And you—you can doom Dick Crofton to such a death?"

"He wound his fate! I told he should never marry another—I am only keeping my word! If you cannot raise the beacon, I will find somebody else, or do it with my own hands!"

"*Sacre!*" growled Antoine Lafarge, "if you are bent upon it, I will do your wish; I'll not be accused of what like you! But take this!" and he took off his red blouse, and wrapped it about her.

"I do not need it! My blood pours through my veins like a hot tide! Away! away!"

The old man obeyed, and Hortense was straining her eyes to catch a glimpse of his retreating figure, when the glare of a pine torch flashed into her face, almost blinding her. She glanced round, and saw a stout man, clad in workingday costume, and with his sleeves rolled up from a pair of brawny arms.

"Ronald! is that you, Hortense?" he exclaimed. "What has brought you here on such a night as this?"

"The same purpose which brought Gervaye Scott to the Lynn Iron Works—revenge," replied the woman, in French.

"Explain yourself!"

"You know that the Petrel has been nearing about for two hours past?"

"I have watched her myself all that time."

"Well, they have fired a signal gun! Familiar as the coast is to Richard Crofton, he's lost his reckoning! The red light will lure them to their doom! Antoine has fled! Hist! what is that?"

"The Petrel's crew cheering in acknowledgment of the beacon?"

"Ah! I hear the cheers more, and they're lost!" and again the speaker's eyes blazed with savage delight.

"Hortense, are you mad?"

"Mad! no, but I am fevered, and you are growing cowardly!"

"Cowardly," retorted the man, and now a mocking laugh mingled with the roar of the wind, the howling of the blast; "I tell you that a cherished plan depends on the preservation of those you would have perish to-night. Richard Crofton must be saved—Crofton's life must be spared, for a time at least, but, I swear by Heaven's most awful name, he wreck his hopes! Gerace Ward, with her more beauty and her vast wealth, he shall not! Hortense L'Estrange, I tell you I think, the young captain loves her, would it not be a horrible torture than death to have her wrested from him? Will you not wait?"

"Yes," replied the woman, after a moment's pause, "but how shall we manage? They are drifting on to ruin!"

"Leave all to me!"

"I will. I shall spin the cliff, but I shall be on the watch for your movements."

The next instant a voice, which rang like a trumpet from cliff to cliff, and over the spraying sea, cried:

"Ahoy, Petrel! Pay no attention whatever to *you red light*—it dashes to land astray! Luff as once—you're burning on Egg Rock!"

The bystanders heard the shout, and muttered to one another:

"Who spoke—who spoke?"

"Mr. Crofton, of course," replied an old sailor; "her father was a wizard before her, and used to go down to Marblehead wharves, when his vessels were in danger, and give orders just as if he was aboard!"

"And did they obey?" queried a lad near.

"Ay, did they, and when their masters had become completely bewildered or disheartened, they ordered the storm. His mantle has fallen upon me! I told young Captain Crofton when he sailed, that wind and tide would be against him" and a woman, muffled in a gray lamb'skin cloak, the hood of which concealed all traces of her face, save a pair of dark, magnetic eyes, joined the group.

"'Tis Moll herself," whispered a sailor; "talk of Satan, and he's always nigh. But what makes you nestle so close to me, boy?"

"I'm afraid of her," whispered the lad; "she's a witch! No money would have me to go near her house! I wouldn't touch that dog of hers for the brightest dollar you've got."

In the meantime the object of these remarks had moved onward, with the torch she had brandished casting a brilliant glare around her. She had gone but a short distance when a small, symmetrical hand clutched her arm—a haggard face, lit up by a pale of wild eyes, gleamed before her, and a voice which sounded hollow and unearthly, said—

"You are the slipt of High Rock?"

The weird woman bowed, and the stranger continued—

"During the fortnight that I have been in Lynn, I have thrice visited your house to no purpose—you were absent."

"What would you with Moll Pitcher?"

"They tell me you can read human destiny like an open book. I would fain have you cast a glance beyond the vail which hides my future!"

"Aye!" replied the sibyl, "I have heard much of the young, foreign beauty, who has come, like a tropic bird, to find a breeding place among our robins and thrushes! But no fear of my curtiss so hasty to read your yours."

A low moan was the only answer, and she went on:

"You have tested the cup, which is either sweet or mingled with wormwood and gall! You have loved, but its feverish joy is over—the time is past—you wonder are no more wooed thus your spirit! The eyes that have watched for the Petrel so long, mirror no peace—they burn with hate, with revenge! The laugh, which rang along the cavernous cliffs, had no echo in it—'twas wildly exultant, as the shout a demon might raise over a fallen soul!"

Hortense shuddered, and averted her face. The fortune-teller observed it, and resumed:

"Well, turn away if you will. I can read your heart the same. Listen—I have one query to make, and then I am done. A moment if that red had been dashed in pieces within sight of Lynn, and her young captain flung into the ocean?"

Hortense hesitated, and ere she could frame a reply, the intention of both was diverted. The Petrel had, with extreme difficulty, been kept off the coast, and now Richard Crofton's voice was heard shouting through a speaking-trumpet:

"A thousand thanks, friends! Had you not warned me, we must have been lost! There is a lull in the storm, so you see, and I will not send a pilot aboard, I trust we shall be able to reach Boston in safety!"

Gervaye Scott was still lingering on Castle Rock, and drawing a trumpet from his capacious pocket, he placed it to his lips and replied:

"Ay, ay, sir! We'll send a pilot aboard if any boat can live in such a sea!"

The speaker and trumpet both descended from the ledge, while a man, closely wrapped in a sheepy overcoat, and with a red skin cap drawn over his brows, came forward, dragging a boat. It was no light task to launch it, but ere the vessel was entirely toward the wreck, the light carried in the stern illumining the angry waters around. Moll Pitcher and Hortense stood silent, till young Crofton announced through the speaking-trumpet that the pilot was safe on the Petrel's deck. Then the sibyl said:

"I suppose he feels greatly relieved, but there's some people in Lynn who wouldn't trust their vessels with that mysterious pilot."

"And why?"

"Why?" echoed Moll, fixing her eyes on the woman at her side, and waving her torch slowly to. "Yes, as well as I, know he is a desperate character."

"Do not talk of him," exclaimed Hortense, covered. "You had not finished telling my fortune. Speak—speak—should I ever trample Richard Crofton's heart under my feet, as he has mine? Shall I gain my revenge?" And her nervous clasp of the sibyl's arm tightened, her breath came in short and sudden gasps.

"Come to High Rock, and I will consult the oracles for you!"

The next moment Hortense L'Estrange was left alone in the darkness and storm, for they had been emulting, but as she stood there, she saw that many of the rock in sea when Moll moved by. At length the sibyl flung her torch into the waters, and sinking along like a shadow till she reached a desolate spot near the cave, known as Irene's Grotto. Beneath the fantastic arch she perceived two persons—one was Gervaye Scott, a blacksmith, who had recently sought employment at the Lynn Iron Works; the second, Antoine, the little, old servant who followed the fortunes of Hortense Estrange.

"Well," said the latter, "can we speak without fear of being overheard?"

"Yes, this is the loneliest part of loneliness, old Moll!"

"Well, then, how do matters progress?"

"Famously," replied Gerald. "I am so diligent a blacksmith as he must could wish; you, Antoine, a fisherman, and Rose a pilot?"

A low laugh greeted these words, and Gerald continued:

"The fatal train is laid—as soon as she lights the gunpowder will be lighted! I use the language of metaphor, but you understand me."

"Aye, aye."

"I feel the Lynn people inquisitive, but I am more than a match for them. The only person who is Moll Pitcher! If, as they say, she is skilled in mysteries beyond mortal ken, she can no through and guess my purpose!"

"Maybap gold will bribe her to silence."

At this Antoine broke into a harsh, triumphant laugh—rang out upon the breeze; a voice, which seemed to come from the sea, replied to the cry, exclaimed:

"Beware! beware! how you trifle with Moll Pitcher!"

The conspirators started, and gazed around them as if they expected to see the weird woman encroaching, but on every side. With some misgivings they searched the immediate vicinity, but no trace of her, or any other person, could be found. They separated, however, and soon afterward three travellers were on the Boston road—they were Gould, Antoine, and Hortense. All of them rode fleet steeds, and Hortense, with her foaming prize, might have been taken for a beautiful Amazon.

The conspirators spent no time in midnight; the clouds had parted, disclosing the pale moon, the winds had subsided themselves to rest. In the gray light of dawn they reached Boston, and found the Petrel at the long wharf, and the cleanup has planned hat and riding habit for a brown woods, Hortense followed Gould to the wharf. Despite the fears of those who had witnessed her danger, the Petrel, like a brave bird whose nance she bore, outrode the storm, and came into port with very slamage and very little wear with her freight of hearts unharmed. When she reached the wharf, a cheer arose from the throng gathered on the pier, but was answered on shipboard by the fluttering of handkerchiefs, and a shout of "Ahoy!" from the deck of the

"Make way for Captain Ward's carriage!" cried a pompous negro, as a handsome equipage appeared. The next moment the horses and were reined in, and an old man opened the chariot window, and gazed anxiously at the vessel, exclaiming;

"Where be? there she is! there's Grace!"

In another moment young Captain Crofton moved across the plank which served as a bridge, with Grace Ward clinging to his arm. A scurrying of salutations, a few hasty words, for such beauty was rare even in those days of beautiful women, for Gene was above the ordinary height, and rounded into perfect symmetry, and the loveliest tendrils of the rose were her cheeks. From her English father she had inherited a complexion of exquisite delicacy, and blood tinged with crimson, but now, as the early sunshine fell upon them, immortal hue seemed to rest upon them. Her dark Creole mother she had inherited great, shadowy eyes, and a wealth of silken tenderness, and drooping, blue-veined lids, fringed with the long, black lashes of the oldest Indian, as they

trace his pedigree to a noble English line, thought the son of an humble Scotchman felt certain by no means a fitting companion for his niece, even though he had promised her father on a long and perilous voyage. This upside which equalled his own, he repined.

"Thank you; my sojourn in your quiet town will be brief, and I shall therefore have but little time for anything save business."

"Is she really surmised," in some "of Grace" Ward displayed his coldness; his eyes lessened, his whole manner was gentle as a woman's, as he replied, in a tone scarcely above a whisper:

"He wished I shall never lose my interest in you. Good morning!"

He stepped for a moment the head she extended, lifted his hat, and bowed in as courtly fashion as if he had all his life been accustomed to wait in turned the first circles.

Grace Ward erased after him till he had disappeared, and when he was out of sight she started as if she had been roused from a pleasant dream.

And Hortense—where was she? Through the door which embraced her back, she saw the visitor passed between the young captain and his beautiful passenger, and then hastened to the law where Gavin and his confederates were to discuss their plot over a glass of wine.

CHAPTER II.

"Take her up tenderly
Lift her with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair."

Casting her voluptuous, her eyes to her forehead.

"And looking, with weakness, for aid to her forehead."

"Why, James, friend, can you tell me the way to Moll Pitcher's?" And as he spoke, the traveller raised in his hand, and, pointing to a path of keen, gray eyes upon the old farmer, who was journeying home from Boston in a heavy market wagon.

"Wal," rejoined honest John Ludlow, "you must be a stranger in these parts, for everybody knows Pitcher, even when the Lynn fortune-teller lives."

"I am a stranger, sir. I have recently come to America, but in my own land I had heard of Moll Pitcher's fame."

"And I 'spose you want to consult her about some love affair? Young fellers always go to her when they are crossed in love."

"No—I've lost a casket of jewels, and think she may assist me in discovering the thief. I, she can, it will repay me for a longer and lonelier journey than this. But for it is, joy!" and the stranger drew forth a gold watch, to ascertain the hour by the full glare of noon-day light, which shot down through the boughs of the forest trees.

"The a mile and a half to Moll's," said Ludlow. "I can take the first right hand road, and keep on till you get to a great ledge—that's Moll Pitcher's rock. You'll see the house; one las a curious arch over the gate——"

"Moll Pitcher lives there, does she?" interposed the traveller.

"No, she lives just opposite."

"Thank you, sir;" and the stranger dashed on, muttering: "Confound it! the moon then it's worth to inquire of these country folks on ordinary occasions, but I have so much at stake this time, I'm obliged to."

It was evident that he was in no enviable mood, for his brow was knit, and over and moon a half-concealed curse hovered on his lips. He had gone but a short distance, when he emerged from the dim wood; then he stopped suddenly, and taking a crumpled paper from his wallet, endeavored to read the words which had been traced upon it in cipher.

"*Meet me at Moll Pitcher's, at nine o'clock?*" he said aloud; "than runs the message. It is almost ten by my reprieve, and I feel that I will be gone; but perhaps he'll wait for me. Oh, no, my good Selina! We have waited long enough since to travel."

The jaded horse seemed to understand him, for he bounded off like an arrow; and ere long his ride over the bold porphyry cliff which Lodge low had designated. The next moment he had stopped at its base, and was gazing intently around him.

Lynn was then a small village; High Rock could not boast of its Ocean House, and now crowns its topmost hight; beautiful, but desolate, it loomed up against the sky. The moon had stood a great, weather-beaten old house, with a single chimney, a broken roof, narrow windows, from which gleamed a brilliant light. The stranger dismounted, tied his horse to one of the rude fence, hurried along the well-worn path which led to the door, and on the threshold he once more stopped, as if irresolute. Everything contributed to deepen his superstitious awe; the clouds which had come trooping across the sky, the moon, the pale, hair, dancing moon, the wail of the whippoorwill on a blackened stump near, the moan of the tempest out, and above over Lynn beach, and among the Nahant rocks, seemed charged with the mysteries to which this woman hold the key. Absorbed in these reflections, he did not hear the light step approaching him, nor in his sudden turned a voice that thrilled every nerve of his frame, said—

"Why wait ye here?"

Quick as thought he glanced back; there stood a woman, tall and slender as an Arabian girl, with a finely moulded head, long black hair floating in dishevelled masses around her pale face, and eyes so weird, so searching that he trembled beneath her gaze.

"Hark!" she muttered, "there's a moon in the sea to night; the breakers are dashing over from the rocks has a wail, a sob; you moon hides among the clouds, and wise wonders. There's been foul play in Lynn!"

"Foul play!" echoed the stranger, drawing farther into the shadows cast by the old house. "What do you mean?"

"You will soon know—ere daybreak the whole town will ring with the news! Again I ask, why wait ye at Moll Pitcher's door?"

"I have important queries to make: I have journeyed far to have the safe-fiction of consulting you!"

"Come in then."

She glided into the house, and the stranger followed her. The next moment he found himself in a long, low kitchen, with bare floor, huge rafters overhead, and a rude hearthstone, on which smouldered a few embers. A bed, with a rag-quilt and none-white pillows, occupied one corner, and in the centre of the room might be seen a table, with a chair on either for, on which stood a China cup. I saw it the other day on a visit to Moll's house; it was small and delicate, with brown vines on a white ground, and there was nothing about it to tell of the lights and shadows which the famous old sibyl loved to enchant up from this quaint vessel. An old settle, a well-worn crockery, a high-backed chair, a pair of brass candlesticks on the mantel, and a looking-glass, decorated with a wreath of evergreen, and strings of sea-shells, completed the furniture.

Crouched down on the settle sat three men, whose blue jackets and tarpaulins told that they were sons of the ocean. As Moll entered, they sprang to their feet, and one of their number cried:

"Hallo, messmates, here she is, and ready and willing to tell our fortunes, I'll be bound!"

"*Zounds*, she's got another customer, Jack," retorted a comrade.

"Well, make all sail then—we'll wait."

"First come, first served," said the stranger, and, with a profound bow, he took into a seat. The sailors moved off to the table, and tripping to the hearthstone, the weird woman took from the mantel a large pitcher, emulating the color of a stoneware, which was then in luxury—in, the poorer and a cup-full, drank it, and declared that she was ready to tell their fortunes—the ground full of tea being a favorite way of serving as a magic mirror.

In the meantime the stranger sat silent and thoughtful; he was tall, symmetrical, and powerfully built, with a handsome face, dark and thick, brown hair and beard. His surtout had fallen back, revealing a velvet doublet and small clothes; diamonds blazed in his knee-buckles, and a heavy gold chain, interlaced, lines ruffles on his breast, and on one finger glittered a curious ring, with the semblance of a vulture wrought upon a dark stone. Altogether, he looked more like a jewelled serpent was writhing in the stern's bosom.

He did not appear to heed aught that was passing around him, for the door was open, the skies, and a short, thick-set man rushed in, exclaiming:

"Look here, mother Moll, old Captain Ward has offered a thousand pounds for the man who'll discover his daughter's murderer! Put me on the track, and I'll share the reward with you."

Then the stranger started; his eyes flamed, and the flesh which had burned like a plague spot on his forehead, sank back into a pale, waxy, white brow. He glanced furtively at Moll; she had risen from her chair, and was now a colossal majesty in her bearing, as she replied:

"Out upon you, out upon you, I say! The only of girls you murder are the dear wayside blocks at every pore, and the murdered girl's mother lies in strong cerebral fever—she is so poor, and many say I would do anything for gold. Out upon you, contemptible!"

"What has happened?" cried the gentleman, who had called himself John Ludlow, and he sprang forward, and stood there, flushed, and with clenched hands.

"It is a sad story," said the sibyl; "I will make it brief. Young Grace Ward was married when Captain Ward lived in Boston, his daughter was an infant the second, beautiful girl in the Colony. She was the light of their home, and they fondly believed would be the stay and comfort of their old age, when a great sorrow fell upon them—their daughter suddenly disappeared, and though they searched for her for years and years, they never found a single hight, which shot down through the boughs of the forest trees.

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Lynn was then a small village; High Rock could not boast of its Ocean House, and now crowns its topmost hight; beautiful, but desolate, it loomed up against the sky. The moon had stood a great, weather-beaten old house, with a single chimney, a broken roof, narrow windows, from which gleamed a brilliant light. The stranger dismounted, tied his horse to one of the rude fence, hurried along the well-worn path which led to the door, and on the threshold he once more stopped, as if irresolute. Everything contributed to deepen his superstitious awe; the clouds which had come trooping across the sky, the moon, the pale, hair, dancing moon, the wail of the whippoorwill on a blackened stump near, the moan of the tempest out, and above over Lynn beach, and among the Nahant rocks, seemed charged with the mysteries to which this woman hold the key. Absorbed in these reflections, he did not hear the light step approaching him, nor in his sudden turned a voice that thrilled every nerve of his frame, said—

"Why wait ye here?"

Quick as thought he glanced back; there stood a woman, tall and slender as an Arabian girl, with a finely moulded head, long black hair floating in dishevelled masses around her pale face, and eyes so weird, so searching that he trembled beneath her gaze.

"Hark!" she muttered, "there's a moon in the sea to night; the breakers are dashing over from the rocks has a wail, a sob; you moon hides among the clouds, and wise wonders. There's been foul play in Lynn!"

"Foul play!" echoed the stranger, drawing farther into the shadows cast by the old house. "What do you mean?"

"You will soon know—ere daybreak the whole town will ring with the news! Again I ask, why wait ye at Moll Pitcher's door?"

"I have important queries to make: I have journeyed far to have the safe-fiction of consulting you!"

"Come in then."

She glided into the house, and the stranger followed her. The next moment he found himself in a long, low kitchen, with bare floor, huge rafters overhead, and a rude hearthstone, on which smouldered a few embers. A bed, with a rag-quilt and none-white pillows, occupied one corner, and in the centre of the room might be seen a table, with a chair on either for, on which stood a China cup. I saw it the other day on a visit to Moll's house; it was small and delicate, with brown vines on a white ground, and there was nothing about it to tell of the lights and shadows which the famous old sibyl loved to enchant up from this quaint vessel. An old settle, a well-worked, high-backed chair, a pair of brass candlesticks on the mantel, and a looking-glass, decorated with a wreath of evergreen, and strings of sea-shells, completed the furniture.

Crouched down on the settle sat three men, whose blue jackets and tarpaulins told that they were sons of the ocean. As Moll entered, they sprang to their feet, and one of their number cried:

"Hallo, messmates, here she is, and ready and willing to tell our fortunes, I'll be bound!"

"*Zounds*, she's got another customer, Jack," retorted a comrade.

"Well, make all sail then—we'll wait."

"First come, first served," said the stranger, and, with a profound bow, he took into a seat. The sailors moved off to the table, and tripping to the hearthstone, the weird woman took from the mantel a large pitcher, emulating the color of a stoneware, which was then in luxury—in the poorer and a cup-full, drank it, and declared that she was ready to tell their fortunes—the ground full of tea being a favorite way of serving as a magic mirror.

In the meantime the stranger sat silent and thoughtful; he was tall, symmetrical, and powerfully built, with a handsome face, dark and thick, brown hair and beard. His surtout had fallen back, revealing a velvet doublet and small clothes; diamonds blazed in his knee-buckles, and a heavy gold chain, interlaced, lines ruffles on his breast, and on one finger glittered a curious ring, with the semblance of a vulture wrought upon a dark stone. Altogether, he looked more like a jewelled serpent was writhing in the stern's bosom.

He did not appear to heed aught that was passing around him, for the door was open, the skies, and a short, thick-set man rushed in, exclaiming:

"Look here, mother Moll, old Captain Ward has offered a thousand pounds for the man who'll discover his daughter's murderer! Put me on the track, and I'll share the reward with you."

Then the stranger started; his eyes flamed, and the flesh which had burned like a plague spot on his forehead, sank back into a pale, waxy, white brow. He glanced furtively at Moll; she had risen from her chair, and was now a colossal majesty in her bearing, as she replied:

"Out upon you, out upon you, I say! The only of girls you murder are the dear wayside blocks at every pore, and the murdered girl's mother lies in strong cerebral fever—she is so poor, and many say I would do anything for gold. Out upon you, contemptible!"

"What has happened?" cried the gentleman, who had called himself John Ludlow, and he sprang forward, and stood there, flushed, and with clenched hands.

"It is a sad story," said the sibyl; "I will make it brief. Young Grace Ward was married when Captain Ward lived in Boston, his daughter was an infant the second, beautiful girl in the Colony. She was the light of their home, and they fondly believed would be the stay and comfort of their old age, when a great sorrow fell upon them—their daughter suddenly disappeared, and though they searched for her for years and years, they never found a single hight, which shot down through the boughs of the forest trees.

"The a mile and a half to Moll's," said Ludlow. "I can take the first right hand road, and keep on till you get to a great ledge—that's Moll Pitcher's rock. You'll see the house; one las a curious arch over the gate——"

"Moll Pitcher lives there, does she?" interposed the traveller.

"No, she lives just opposite."

"Thank you, sir;" and the stranger dashed on, muttering: "Confound it! the moon then it's worth to inquire of these country folks on ordinary occasions, but I have so much at stake this time, I'm obliged to."

It was evident that he was in no enviable mood, for his brow was knit, and over and moon a half-concealed curse hovered on his lips. He had gone but a short distance, when he emerged from the dim wood; then he stopped suddenly, and taking a crumpled paper from his wallet, endeavored to read the words which had been traced upon it in cipher.

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"And I, too. I'm half enough, but the six of number don't fit my number. I don't consider found under a black flag."

As they spoke, the entire sailors drew themselves up with the pride of honest manhood, and Moll gave them an approving smile. For a moment there was a deep silence, broken only by the throbbing of the heavy waves, the wail of the whippoorwill, the sigh of the breeze, and by none of these voices, as they broke on the white beach below. Once, twice, there Gavin in the moonlight the stranger sat silent and thoughtful; he was tall, symmetrical, and powerful-built, with a handsome face, dark and thick, brown hair and beard. His surtout had fallen back, revealing a velvet doublet and small clothes; diamonds blazed in his knee-buckles, and a heavy gold chain, interlaced, lines ruffles on his breast, and on one finger glittered a curious ring, with the semblance of a vulture wrought upon a dark stone. Altogether, he looked more like a jewelled serpent was writhing in the stern's bosom.

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"And the letter—what of it?" queried the stranger, who had manifested such an interest in his wonderful tale.

"It was as follows:

"'Mother Moll,—I feel from you, with one's eyes so sorry husband; but how and where I met him—no matter. Suffice it to say, I married him, and he is a—a—a—'

"Here the writer had evidently written a word, and then erased it, for it was impossible to decipher it. Then the letter went on:

"'By the powers!' 'Your daughter, Mabel.'"

"Mabel Ward!" exclaimed the woman; "but Captain Ward and his wife did not forget her. Their olden home was haunted by such mad memories that they left Boston and came here."

"And have they ever heard of her since the time of which you speak?"

"Last December, in the midst of the holidays, when everybody was happy, a package was left at the door, which contained a letter, and a child, a girl was a creature!"

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"Beloved ones," so wrote poor Mabel, "I am wretched—the most miserable of women! Can you find room for me?

"Would you like to receive her after such goodbye?" inquired Jack Stimson.

"Ugh! not a woman could forgive her a cereloss welcome, to clothe her in soft raiment, to surround her with the luxuries to which she has been accustomed from her childhood! But to night shall be open to the Range wood, to where our quiet town rags with the cry of *murder, murder!* Wild-eyed and terror-stricken, a boy, who had run up to the Range wood, in search of some stray cattle, came flying through the village with this questions, and all night now pours toward the forest, and shriek: "The Pirate's Glade was wounded with blood, and the sailors children flew to the spot, as if fear had lent them wings. Then they came back, and told their fearful information, that might lead to the discovery of the murderer, and the whole town was in a state of excitement.

"Aye! You say so," continued the fortune-teller, "and you seem what I now a few moments ago, when I told you that you were on the depths of your soul! There, in the shadow of the old house, you stood, and when I pushed back a green bough, and the moon shone on your face——"

Again Moll stopped, and her tones were hoarse as she continued—

"She must have been a beauty in health and happiness; but she was wasted to a skeleton—a creature with a ceiling brow and eyes that shone on her forehead, and smolder on her breast. Who was she? Can you not guess? Perhaps you seem to peer at me from the dusky corners of the room, from the great forest beyond, and even from this cozy cup? Why does your image haunt me thus

THE NEW YORK LEDGER.

IN THE CONSERVATORY.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Oh, strange-blooms impressed here,
Begin memories of the far-South sun,
While pallid North-lights glimmer near,
I hold and kiss you, every one.

I kiss you, dreaming of a dream,
Of violet eyes and lily hands,
Fair, dark-brown, your perfumes seem
A yearning for your tropic lands.

Your tropic lands, where, in the light
Of naked boys a-swim at noon,
The wonders blow' the quickest sight,
His knee and ankle like your own.

And looks where into a homeward mist
We fading o'er the shores see,
That mocca between him and the port,
And Yankee sons blow bargains of it.

Yes, exile-flowers, your perfumes seem
A yearning for your tropic lands,
And I am dreaming of a dream,
Of violet eyes and lily hands.

THE PHANTOM'S CAVE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

On the borders of the Minho, to the north of Valentia, there exists a deep cavern, known to few, from time immemorial, but been known by the name of *Cave of the Phantom*. Not many years since, it would have been impossible to prevail upon the boatmen of the Minho to cross the river in the vicinity of that spot after dark; and if perchance any had been seen to pass that way during the night, it was well known that it could arise from no human smugglers, who carried on their traffic from one to the other margin of the river which separates the kingdom of Portugal from Galicia, or they alone ventured to disregard this prevailing superstition. According to an ancient tradition, it was believed that during the hours of night a phantom, in female garb, sailed on the stream in a boat, agitated wind and tide, hailing at a certain spot, where none remained for some time; and after howling like a banshee with the wind would jump into the boat again and return to the cave, where both she and the wherry suddenly vanished. The people on either margin used to affirm that the conveyance or persons had the misfortune to meet with the phantom-ferry-woman was unfortunate, and shortly disappeared, never more to be heard of.

This singular tradition, like many others, took its origin from events which happened at a very remote period.

At the time when Portugal was subject to the yoke of the Moors, Valencia was obliged to fall into the hands of a valiant warrior named Roy Godelfo, who for a long time defended his dominions against repeated attacks of the infidels; but at last, being in want of reinforcements, he was compelled to the superior force of the enemy; the place was entered, and Roy Godelfo imprisoned, leaving a son whom he charged to avenge him.

Roy-go was a favorite goddess of the people of Galicia at that time. Even groups of ladies would be seen in boats rowing about in all directions, especially on moonlight nights; and while spirits fair were they would allure sing ballads, the theme of which was generally some of the heroic deeds of the great Alfonso—Alfonso, the terror of the Saracens.

On one of those nights, while the moon reflected its silver rays upon the waves, and all presented the soft hush, from which the delicate form of a female leaped on the shore with a nimble step. In a moment the figure of a man in coquilette armor was by her side.

"Isabel, dear Isabel," said the knight, "since thus and why now did this moment of happiness which then dost vouchsafe me! How much I have to tell thee; but I feel that the words in truth, 'tis not on so beautiful a night as this that they should be spoken."

Isabel, with her head reclining on the shoulder of her lover, was listening to what he said; and perceiving that his soul was overburdened by some hidden grief, she anxiously inquired the reason.

"Why pulses such blissful moments?" replied he; "the alchemy of this is not for those whose spirits on from sheave should not be dimmed by the gloom which inside my heart broods."

The damsel looked at her lover, and saw that his face betrayed the dire distress which in his heart. Recoiling, with an expression of horror, she exclaimed:

"Nuno, Nuno, why dost thou conceal the truth? Let them come from whence they please a dagger into this heart, which is thine? Are those come, pestiferously, with the intention of bringing thy vow—or to announce our eternal separation? O! let me know the worst: for uncertainty is beyond endurance. Why, for Heaven's sake, didst thou not let me perish, when thou found me? which I was steering through the water, upset and threw me headlong into the river, which, in mercy himself into the water and succeeded in landing the damsel in safety on the opposite side of the river, where the servants of Isabel were awaiting for her. From that day they swore eternal love for each other, and Nuno availed himself of every occasion to repair to the spot, whence he had been a witness to the dinner, and for the first time beheld his beloved. Now, on the present occasion, Nuno brought his siblings the company which he commanded had been ordered to join a larger force in order to repel the infidels, who were then laying waste the northern part of Portugal.

"Dearest Isabel," said the knight in answer to her fond solicitude, "Alphonso himself has given my those tears. Whilst I breathe the breath of life, my love are thine. But duty commands me to obey orders, and join my companions, that we may go our stipend to the aid of the yoke of the Moslem. Our separation will be short, my beloved."

"Ah! thou dost but reveal a part of my misfortune. This separation seems to be of short duration, Nuno. Then and thy handful of companions is many, grappled in a bloody war, will be able to resist the myriads of Islam. Perhaps this will be the last time I shall see thee! O say, for pity's sake, what must I do to avoid this separation?"

"Follow me; let us fly! reward my constant love with the gift of thy hand. Leave these gloomy walls and their cheerless inhabitants, whose hearts are as cold as the waters of this river. Come, be mine forever."

"Oh, heavens! what would I not give to follow thee! But how can I abandon my father? Shall the few remaining days of his life be consumed in despair and dishonor? Shall such be the return for the deep affection he has ever evinced towards me; for since my mother's death no one but myself has a place in his heart. On learning that then hadst saved the life of his daughter, he lifted his hands and thanked the Almighty. Then he asked me who then were, whether noble blood flowed in thy veins?"

"He is a knight, father."

"But his name?" asked he.

"I know it not," replied I, with much agitation.

"Had he been noble, he would not have concealed his name: this suffices for me, Isabel."

"Then would not my cheeks to crave pale, and since then, I have never spoken of thee to him. But now I will know the worst. If he noble heart, thy constancy and thy love will reward me for this regret, will till to-morrow, I will tell him."

"To a vain hope, Isabel; thy attempt will not be successful. Thy father will never consent to our union. Thy parents have ever looked at the idea of my becoming the wife of a knight without name and fortune. Force not me to leave thee, or renounce me forever."

"No, no, then shalt not depart before giving me thine hand and yours by my lips do bind it him to whom I owe my being. If then loved me, as thou dost then regret, will till to-morrow, and Isabel shall be thine."

Having made these words, the maiden hastened back to her boat, while her lover seemed rooted to the ground, his heart the prey of contending emotions. There he stood, watching the boat, which was gliding down the smooth surface of the water, fast approaching the opposite shore, when suddenly a terrific shriek, as of delirium for a long time, but that on officer, who had been in quest of his men, approached, and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Señor," said he, "a reinforcement, which has just arrived, has orders to march from this place to-morrow. The infidels are sorely in want of provisions, and they offer but a feeble resistance, according to information received. Come, Señor, you have permission to go and bid to make no sore of victory, which, God willing, shall be soon won."

Nuno listened to the officer's speech, and then turned his attention to Isabel.

The grosser part of the night was employed in the preparations for the attack, and Nuno was live and anxious in attending to his duties. The last hour of the night arrived, and all was unengaged, but not been forgotten. Love and glory were the two objects which now seemed to possessed his breast.

Meanwhile Isabel had reached her father's abode, accompanied by her confidential servant, who was sent to wait on her at the river's side, whenever she ventured on those nocturnal excursions. Anxious about the fate of her lover, she resolved that he should become acquainted with the true motives of her apparent indifference when they met. Roy-go Nuno for the future, she scarcely knew how to paintel mourning.

Eye the banks of the Portuguese troops were on the move. The disposal almost pre-arranged, the Moslem troops halted, and while they were making ready for the onslaught, the sleepy sentinels were all on the alert, each at his post, and with the cry—"*Allah! Allah!*" gave the alarm. The town was under the command of Abdallah, who, on the approach of the attack, made a short harangue to his soldiers, and then, with a portion of his troops, proceeded to his measures for resisting the enemy.

The battle-cry of the Portuguese troops was "*Santiago!*" come on with impetuosity. Large scouts and thousands of troops were seen to issue in all directions from the battlements. Ere long Nuno began to be surrounded by the enemy, who, calling to the rest to follow, saying, "Forward, my friends! this is the way to victory!" and was made. The Moors, however, succeeded in driving them back. Much blood was then spilt, and the victory was still uncertain. The Portuguese rallied again to the attack, and while striking every nerve to gain possession of the walls, they saw Nuno Alvarez never lost sight of his standard. His stalwart limb immediately received and took to flight in the utmost confusion, leaving the victory with their conquerors.

That night came on, Isabel repaired again to the accustomed rendezvous; but no one came to meet her. Her anxiety was extreme, and every "Heavens! what has happened to Nuno?" she exclaimed. Then, in a moment, overcome by anxious expectation, till at last his bosoms urged her to repair to the spot where he had left him. On her arrival home, Isabel, deadly pale and trembling, inquired for her father, who was absent, and directed one of her attendants to try to ascertain the causes of Nuno's not having been to the rendezvous. Meanwhile she refused all nourishment, anxiously awaiting the return of the messenger. Her father arrived, but she screamed returned, and by the melancholy expression of his countenance she was convinced that some fatal event had been brought her. She gave a cry of anguish, and fell senseless at his feet. She remained insensible for several hours; but when she regained her senses, she was in the arms of her father in despair.

"Nuno! Nuno!" cried she. "They have stain thee, the bravest of the brave. Where is thy body? Have they left it to be devoured by vultures? Ingorate me from him! You cannot! So long as my eyes are open to the light, the tomb which his corpse shall be closed in their embraces! Nuno, my love, my husband!"

She again fell into a swoon, which remained to hold upon her senses. Days and nights were followed by a fever, and when it moderated, she was reduced to the extremity of weakness. At this moment it was only by force that she could be made to take nourishment; she refused it with horror at every one, and even shunned the presence of her father, when she had once so daringly left her home. Nothing could induce her to look for an apology put an end to the existence of Dom Sergo d'Oviedo, against he failed on which she appeared to be insensible to the loss of her father, nor did she manifest the least symptom of sorrow. A few days after this event, she disappeared from public share, she was seen by who watched over her did not deem it prudent to disturb her solitude, but left her to weep for the loss in a state of violent agitation. On opposite share, she was seen to repair to the boat, and tracing her steps towards the spot where she had been come to meet her lover, she began to run about distractedly, uttering fearful cries, which were the first symptoms of a sign of the wildest insanity. It was with the greatest difficulty that she was conveyed to her home, and the next morrow her mind appeared to regain its composure. The best was gently moving along, and had reached the middle of the river, when on a sudden the unfortunate Isabel, ere anybody could prevent it, threw herself into the water, and sunk never more to appear.

Every effort was made to recover the body, in order to bury it in the vault of her forefathers; but it was never seen, having most probably been carried away by the current and cast into the ocean. In the meantime, the people would have it that the remains why the body never appeared, was because it had been conveyed to the cave of love, which subsequently received the name of the cave of the phantom. Some even imagined that they had seen the deceased on her knees at prayer near the cave, and at this circumstance the superstitious minds below added the absurdities mentioned above.

WELCOME TO BABY

BY CLARA STUDEY.

Welcome, welcome, you new comer,
Welcome, child of the pinest scenery;
Thou hast come without thy will to mortal life,
While fragrance and melody fill the air;
And we hope that thou wilt be happy here,
A sign that life's darkness are not for thee.
Thy life through this world may be cloudless and bright.

Thine eye ever clear, and thy heart ever light.
Sweet baby, that is to be thy future given
A jewel bright from the court of heaven!
And that thou may not lose this jewel become not dim,
For she must render account to Him
Who gave to her keeping within child.
Who will frown if the treasure become defiled.
Such a mommy! Her heart has thrilled with joy
When she and answer are known no more,
And a song of love to her mother's thought,
So great that the mommy can love deport,
Then, sweet baby, thou art welcome here.
When thine eyes close in death will appear
As the ideal whom mission is ended Him
With songs of joy to the other than glory
To this, all fritters which bind thee riven.
Will see story to the spirit's heaven.
She must watch lest her heart-strings be slowly stirred
About time, then beautiful flying.

THE FOOL'S-CAP.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD FREEMASON.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

It was many years ago that I commenced keeping school. I had graduated at an academy of some note, and was pretty well posted-up in the various branches of learning which are introduced into our common schools; and when the time arrived for me to enter upon my duties, I felt that they were very forcibly impressed by the fact that I was about to attack, and flatter myself in short, I have since everything that was set before me, and I have since had reason to think I happened to possess one of those wonderfully retentive memories which some scarcely ever possessed his breast.

Heavy-hearted Isabel had received her father's shock, accompanied by her confidential servant, who was sent to wait on her at the river's side, whenever she ventured on those nocturnal excursions. Anxious about the fate of her lover, she resolved that he should become acquainted with the true motives of her apparent indifference when they met. Roy-go Nuno for the future, she scarcely knew how to paintel mourning.

Eye the banks of the Portuguese troops were on the move. The disposal almost pre-arranged, the Moslem troops halted, and while they were making ready for the onslaught, the sleepy sentinels were all on the alert, each at his post, and with the cry—"*Allah! Allah!*" gave the alarm. The town was under the command of Abdallah, who, on the approach of the attack, made a short harangue to his soldiers, and then, with a portion of his troops, proceeded to his measures for resisting the enemy.

The battle-cry of the Portuguese troops was "*Santiago!*" come on with impetuosity. Large scouts and thousands of troops were seen to issue in all directions from the battlements. Ere long Nuno began to be surrounded by the enemy, who, calling to the rest to follow, saying, "Forward, my friends! this is the way to victory!" and was made. The Moors, however, succeeded in driving them back. Much blood was then spilt, and the victory was still uncertain. The Portuguese rallied again to the attack, and while striking every nerve to gain possession of the walls, they saw Nuno Alvarez never lost sight of his standard. His stalwart limb immediately received and took to flight in the utmost confusion, leaving the victory with their conquerors.

That night came on, Isabel repaired again to the accustomed rendezvous; but no one came to meet her. Her anxiety was extreme, and every "Heavens! what has happened to Nuno!" she exclaimed, in a moment, overcome by anxious expectation, till at last his bosoms urged her to repair to the spot where he had left him. On her arrival home, Isabel, deadly pale and trembling, inquired for her father, who was absent, and directed one of her attendants to try to ascertain the causes of Nuno's not having been to the rendezvous. Meanwhile she refused all nourishment, anxiously awaiting the return of the messenger. Her father arrived, but she screamed returned, and by the melancholy expression of his countenance she was convinced that some fatal event had been brought her. She gave a cry of anguish, and fell senseless at his feet. She remained insensible for several hours; but when she regained her senses, she was in the arms of her father in despair.

"Nuno! Nuno!" cried she. "They have stain thee, the bravest of the brave. Where is thy body? Have they left it to be devoured by vultures? Ingorate me from him! You cannot! So long as my eyes are open to the light, the tomb which his corpse shall be closed in their embraces! Nuno, my love, my husband!"

She again fell into a swoon, which remained to hold upon her senses. Days and nights were followed by a fever, and when it moderated, she was reduced to the extremity of weakness. At this moment it was only by force that she could be made to take nourishment; she refused it with horror at every one, and even shunned the presence of her father, when she had once so daringly left her home. Nothing could induce her to look for an apology put an end to the existence of Dom Sergo d'Oviedo, against he failed on which she appeared to be insensible to the loss of her father, nor did she manifest the least symptom of sorrow. A few days after this event, she disappeared from public share, she was seen by who watched over her did not deem it prudent to disturb her solitude, but left her to weep for the loss in a state of violent agitation. On opposite share, she was seen to repair to the boat, and tracing her steps towards the spot where she had been come to meet her lover, she began to run about distractedly, uttering fearful cries, which were the first symptoms of a sign of the wildest insanity. It was with the greatest difficulty that she was conveyed to her home, and the next morrow her mind appeared to regain its composure. The best was gently moving along, and had reached the middle of the river, when on a sudden the unfortunate Isabel, ere anybody could prevent it, threw herself into the water, and sunk never more to appear.

Every effort was made to recover the body, in order to bury it in the vault of her forefathers; but it was never seen, having most probably been carried away by the current and cast into the ocean. In the meantime, the people would have it that the remains why the body never appeared, was because it had been conveyed to the

I was born poor, and my father, who could scarcely read or write himself, had no means to give me a liberal education. But he had a strong desire that I should be well taught, and he had the good sense to see that the best way to secure this was to send me to a school where the teacher was competent to impart instruction. He was a poor man, and he knew that he could not afford to pay for the best education that could be had in the village; but he knew that there was a man there who was competent to teach me all that I should need to know, and he was willing to pay him what he could afford. This man was Master Isaac Stone, and he was the village schoolmaster.

I was a boy of eight years when I first entered Master Stone's school, and I was then put into the lowest class. I had never been to school before, and I had never seen a book. I was therefore obliged to commence with the very first rudiments of learning. I was put into a class of boys who were much younger than myself, and I was obliged to study my lessons with them. I was not ashamed of this, for I knew that I was ignorant, and that I must commence at the beginning. I was very much interested in my studies, and I made rapid progress. I was not long in passing from one class to another, and I soon found myself in the class with those who were older than myself. I was not long in passing from one class to another, and I soon found myself in the class with those who were older than myself. I was not long in passing from one class to another, and I soon found myself in the class with those who were older than myself.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1861.

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TIPPLING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

The statistics of modern drunkenness are sufficiently appalling; but the world of to-day is nevertheless a sobrer world than that of two hundred years ago. In the seventeenth century persons resorted to dense fogs in England and Germany in praise of wine, and many of the clergy of that era encouraged convivial drinking, both by precept and example. The introduction of wine-bibbing English squirrearchy selected their domestic chaplains not for their piety, but for their facetiousness qualities; and a reasoned vessel that could pass three or four bottles under his cassock, sing a loose song and tell an indecent story, was a popular and prominent personage, if not of church preferment. Fielding's Newgate clergyman, who considered himself compelled to drink punch at Hallam, because the use of it was not prohibited in the scriptures, is scarcely an exaggerated portrait of a considerable portion of "the clergy" in his day. Even in our own generations took a bishop of Trevor—a prelate of no small renown for the latter reason and, for aught we know, for his piety—committed sudden suicide by a draught which he quaffed unwittingly to us a precious legacy from the "good old times." This pillar of the church forgot the sacred use of wine as a deity. His ideas on the subject were pleasantly expressed in the following extract from his exhortation:

"There is indeed some sort of people who cannot drink his dear bottles without affecting the host. Let him, nevertheless—if by the title or interest he can no longer benefit his own wife, if he link and bear his children, and look on them himself as an almshouse—refrain from an excess displeasing to God and man. But whoever, after drinking his ten or twelve bottles, retains his senses sufficiently to support his bettering neighbor, or eaning all household affairs, and to execute the commands of his temporal and spiritual superiors, let him take his glass cheerfully, and be thankful for his talent. Such a one he cautious how he cursed this; for man is weak and his nature frail. Let him not, with a wicked mind Cousse scandal to arise in the house by his able to drink safely sixteen bottles, of which perhaps he has but one, or the measure of his servants to be worthy. He should, nevertheless, keep over abstemi portion; and, to avoid all excess, follow the precept of St. Bern, 'Try all and stick by the best.'"

All ministers of the gospel in our day at least preach temperance, and if a black sheep is now and then detected in the clerical flock, he is promptly branded before the world, and incurs cons for ever, not only as a clergyman, but as a citizen.

In Saxony, less than two centuries ago, christy was the social rule, sobriety the rare exception. Deadly brawls in taverns, murderous feuds in the family circle, and fierce battles in the streets between considerable bodies of armed drunkards, were affairs of daily occurrence. At the time of closing the gates of cities at night, crowds of furious bacchanals, on their way to their homes in the suburbs were met by reeling swarms from the outskirts, returning to town, and in the mad and malicious conflicts that ensued between them, numbers were killed and wounded. Nobody noticed or thought of interfering; in fact, if we are to believe the chronicles of the day, every body was more or less under the influence of intoxicating drinks. It was the same in Bohemia, or even worse, and in "merrie England" troops of drunken "young bloods" were accustomed to range the streets of London after nightfall, committing the most horrible outrages upon men, women and children.

Times have changed since then. Clergymen do not go reeling to the pulpit, the altar, and the churchyard, as was frequently the case in the reign of Queen Anne of drunken memory; neither is the sagacity to set a whole assembly under the table considered a desirable qualification in a modern one. It is very rarely, nowadays, squires in England, scarcely more than a century ago. The morals of the world improve slowly, it is true, but they improve. The degeneracy of the present day is pretty plainly manifest, but there is no warrant for its employment.

LITERATURE AND DIVINITY ON THE ROAD.

Horseback exercise, or driving, is just the thing for men who gain his living with the brains. Since the new taste arose for this kind of recreation, or for the sports age, several editors, authors, and clergymen of this city have been daily seen riding or driving on the avenue or in the Park. As a general rule, the quadrupeds do not ride very gracefully. Some of them bear a striking resemblance, when on horseback, to the figure of Mr. Isbister Crane, and there are two or three who would excite universal pleasure, by of parson Yorick, in Tristam Shandy. It must be understood, however, that at least three members of the New York press, and one well-known clergyman, are capital riders, sitting their horses as though they were part of the animal. The same difference in skill and grace is observable in those who drive their single or double teams. But, generally speaking, they all feel the value of their daily ride or drive, or much as their favored appearance shows it. In the two there are among them who would have passed for fast articles ere now, but for each daily exercise in the open air; others, from being lean and sallow, have grown quite portly and complexioned; all have gained in health, weight and capacity to endure hard work.

The old plan was for a writer or a clergyman to wear himself down to such a point of nervous imbecility, as to render a voyage and a tour in Europe absolutely necessary to the preservation of his life. He was compelled to give up all employment, leave his business, and be absent for several months; only to return and begin again the work of self-destruction. A daily ride or drive of two hours duration, costs, say five hundred dollars a year; with management and combination with others, it can be done for half the money; or it may be made to cost ten times that sum. A six months' tour in Europe costs one of our extravagant countrymen, who seeks nothing but the tip-top style, at the tip-top price, about fifteen hundred dollars. So that, really, the "on the road" system is the cheapest, besides being in every other respect better.

It is folly and sin to let the bodily powers almost themselves. A man should use daily the muscles of the day he brings with it; and no more. He who does not exercise more than he ills one who has an income of a thousand dollars a year, spends twelve hundred dollars. The result is constant anxiety and final exhaustion. The man who has $1,200 a year to live beyond his income; yet few feel the weakness of committing in a day the mental force designed to last a day and a quarter. As for English horsemanship, generally, that for weeks before his last vacation, he was so exhausted by excessive mental labor that the mere reading of a newspaper almost erred him, and he was, at length, incapable of holding and directing a letter. He mentions this without shame, and, probably, has never viewed it in the light of a fault. Perhaps he even considers it an evidence of professional zeal and diligence. If this class man would consider it a duty, not to anticipate his pecuniary resources to anything like the degree to which he has surrounded his future supplies of nervous and mental strength. He would be more successful in life.

Let us be sure of this: whatever diminishes a man's physical energy, and power, to any real culture, education, refinement, or any other fine quality, that is worth the name of culture, or education, or refinement; it is debasement.

OUR CITY FLORA.

Spring is garlanding the up-town mansions. The wealthy denizens of Fifth Avenue, Bond-street and marble facades of Fifth Avenue, Bond-street and marble facades of Fifth Avenue, Bond-street and marble facades

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ECO AND ECHOE.

A FRAGMENT.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I asked of Eeco, 'mother dey,
(Whose words are few and often fervey)
What, to a novice, she could say
Of courtship, love and matrimony?
Quoth Echo, plainly:—*Matter of money!*

II.

Whom should I marry?—should it be
A dashing fellow, gay and free?—
A pattern of fecundity?
Or selfish, supercilious flirt?
Quoth Echo, sharply:—*Very flirt!*

III.

What if,—security of the shrift
That long has lured the fear deceiver,
Who promise to amend her life,
And sin no more; do I believe her?
Quoth Echo, with decision:—*Leave her!*

IV.

But if some maiden with a heart,
(In no small volume to be borne it;)
Pray, should I set the wiser part
To take this treasure;—or forego it?
Quoth Echo, very promptly:—*Go it!*

V.

But what if, seemingly shrill
To blind but like to Hymen's fetter,
She vow the reason to die a maid,—
In answer to my better part,
Quoth Echo, rather coolly:—*I do!*

VI.

What if, in spite of her disdain,
I find my heart entwined about
With Cupid's four delicious chains,
So—quite fast I can't get out?
Quoth Echo, laughingly:—*Get out?*

VII.

But if some maids with beauty blest,
As some not fair do Heaven on earth,
Will shave my labor and my rest,
Till universal Death shall come to bless!—
Quoth Echo (cache cace):—*I take her!*

THE HARLOW ESTATE.

ITS HEIRS—REAL AND PRETENDED.

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS,

AUTHOR OF "PAUL RAYMOND," "THE MYSTERIOUS MYERS," "BELL BENNONI," "THE CAN TELESCE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Let not the reader, who has but followed the fortunes of his discarded child and his few faithful friends, anticipate here a harrowing or wearisome details of that trial as it was, which was commenced on the morning succeeding Evelyn's flight, and which dragged on for two weeks, before the jury could agree. To a few scenes from that judicial drama will require to be depicted.

The crowded court room, the attentive judge, the imposing array of counsel, the bustle of preparation, exhibiting into the usual degree of general attention—the rattling of briefs pursued for the unwilling ears, and the startling sound of "reports" examined with avidity, all testioned that a cause of general and unusual interest was about to be begun.

Blanc was in his glory. He was one of a triple team of lawyers appearing for the defence, of which Mr. Right and a prominent, heavy-headed, Westerner looking man formed the other members. Right was to examine the witnesses while the heavy man was to take notes, argue law questions to the court, and "sum up" the case if in ever went to the jury at all, which Simon confidently predicted it never would.

Not that there were three lawyers to take care of Mrs. Sitterly's legal forces. They were but the advanced guard, so to speak, and were all that she deemed it advisable to have take an active part in the trial.

As many more, who were seated within the bar, apparently indifferent spectators of the trial, had accepted retainers from the great lady, and were engaged to suggest to their more active colleagues any valuable hints which might occur to them.

Not that he stood aloof against such odds, for Mr. Right's legal vigilance was valuable assistance, and he might be considered as holding a rank in the profession next to his distinguished opponents.

What both himself could do was as yet problematical. It was known among his professional brethren that he was to "open" the case cause to the jury, and as his appearance to-day was regarded by some experienced as a defeat, much curiosity was evinced to hear him. Blanc and Right confided his failings, but others who saw the expression of his fine face, as he doffed with his hooks and gowns the manner before rising, anticipated a different result.

They were not mistaken. His speech, only held and perspicuous at first, soon grew into one of such extraordinary force and brilliancy as to create a marked sensation throughout the learned circle within the bar, and an irrepressible manifestation of approbation from the crowd of spectators.

Three times the stentorian crier was obliged to call for silence, and were his official duties over the hands of a lesser authority, yet still the repetitions went on in significant pantomime. The judge seemed disposed to be lenient in enforcing the rules of order upon the excited listeners, who had not of good cause for applause.

The address was necessarily brief, being professedly only a statement of the object of the suit, and the facts which the plaintiff expected to prove, and when, at the end of twenty minutes, and after a procession of great power, the young man sat down, his concerned colleagues impulsively grasped his hand, and whispered, amidst the tumult of applause which again burst forth:

"Your hearts are won, whatever may be the result of the suit."

Mrs. Sitterly was not in attendance, but she was represented by her husband, who stood not a little under the unexpected charge of the enemy, and began to feel whipped of the exceedingly contemptuous treatment which he had seen bestowed upon this prospective Cicero.

But he and Mr. Blanc tried hard to soon not to perceive the force in the stern and telling oration of Seth. While others beamed, they exchanged looks and smiles of affected derision.

If they had been listening to the best joke of the season, they could not have been seemingly more merry.

"Sophomoric," whispered Sitterly.

"Yes—a; he's got it by rote, and practiced it before the looking-glass."

But the Westerner man did not join in these taunts, or reply to them when appointed to, excepting by elevating his heavy eyebrows, and wrinkling his massive forehead, which, as the host, was an ambiguous response.

Was it a triumph for Seth? Ah, was it not? And he not seen, almost at the moment of finishing, (and he had deferred that moment, under various pretexts, as long as possible,) had he not seen a little coterie of his witnesses enter the court room, established by his own father? Had he not recognized, though heavily veiled, the lithe form and graceful movements of his beloved Evelyn? Was not the inspiration of her presence upon him? Did it not flash from his eye, thunder in his voice, animate every gesture, and enliven his whole soul to the enspiriting of that resistless flood of eloquence, the echoes of which, long after he sat down, sounded in visions of the eye, making discord of all other sounds?

Evelyn wept, knelt in exhilation, and the happy father, equally elated, indulged in glowing visions of a brilliant professional career for his beloved son.

But the more serious business of the day was at hand, and it was inaugurated by calling as the first witness for the plaintiff, *Evelyn Sitterly*.

The fact that her high father had given birth a son named Herbert, who had lived to the age of six years, had by Mrs. Sitterly's directions been admitted by her counsel, who said that she would let the proofs (incident as it was) to be tried exclusively on its merits.

Their counsel had also announced orally was too magnanimous to put the plaintiffs to the trouble, as she might easily do, of a technical proof of this fact.

The question, whether young Herlow was yet alive, and was the individual who, "by his next friend," had brought this suit, and who now sat within the bar beside Seth and Mr. Silky, curiously watching the proceedings, was the only issue on which any evidence was to be offered.

But Evelyn's testimony was not admitted without opposition. Veiled in low Latin, that it might not grate harshly upon the ear of the fair girl, the objection was made that she was not of sound mind, and was therefore not a competent witness; and proof to this point was offered to be produced. But after much recital and proxy argument, it was decided, or agreed,

that her story should be heard, and that the deficiencies should be allowed to introduce evidence to the subject of her alleged imbecility, at a subsequent stage of the proceedings.

Miss Sitterly took the witness stand with much trepidation, but she soon recovered her equanimity, and gave her testimony with great distinctness and effect.

The cross-examination by Mr. Right was very long and ingenious, for his branch of the business was Right, first, and few men could impurity a witness with more facility. But Evelyn had been forewarned, and was not to be shaken in every turn, until, fairly out of breath, he told the young lady she might retire.

The witnesses who succeeded were some whom Seth had looked up with great diligence, and who all testified with considerable positiveness to their belief in the genuineness of Herbert's birth, who not before them. They were several former neighbors of Mrs. Sitterly, who discharged servant girl, and the old coachman Jack, who was very decided in his opinion, and told he rather thought "the colonel and the major" would both know the boy if they should see him.

"The colonel and the major? Who are they?" asked Right, a little puzzled.

"Dem is de evenings *home*, sir. But boy used to often come to see dem, harnessed, and ride from de barn to de house."

"Oh, yes—well, they are we shall have them on the stand presently," said Right, "I have no doubt you will be quite as valuable witnesses as you. You can stand aside."

Mrs. Sitterly's Waldegrave was next called, and after much bridling and simpering at the outset was induced to answer the usual preliminary questions, and fully identified Herbert as the *protégé* of her former husband. Her story had been brought by Doctor Waldover from some hospital, when he was about six years old, and from information; but what his name was she could not say, only she was sure it was not Edward Sitterly.

"Was his Christian name Edward?"

"No, sir, it was not."

"Can you tell me what it was?"

"I cannot, sir, but I think it was a common name; and since I have heard him called Herbert so often I believe that is it."

"Oh, no matter, no matter," said Right, and the witness was dismissed, without the cross-examination of a cross-examination, the defendant's counsel affecting to think her testimony of no value.

Some teachers from the seminary at which Herbert had been placed, were next produced, who identified the boy himself as the lad whom Doctor Waldover had placed in their institution, and whose name was given as Herbert Edward Sydney.

"Upon finds it very easy to prove that the boy is somebody else," whispered Blanc to Frederick. "He'll soon as the witnesses."

"Y—es, but wait down in a little while longer, without our help."

"Of course we will."

Before the court adjourned for the day, the plaintiff's counsel had introduced into the privilege of introducing a few more witnesses after the defence had given its testimony.

Yet Aunt Ally had not been called, and what was more, the name of the lady herself, who should not introduced her as a witness at all. What she could say, or what she could prove, that she had most earnestly begged that she might not be made to testify.

Miss Sitterly, at the close of the day's proceedings, expressed a wish to see Evelyn and her father, on condition that she should be permitted to attend every daily during the continuance of the trial; and that she should be allowed free consultation with Mr. Lysde and Herbert while there.

Her own testimony having been given, there was no objection to this course, which, in some respects, was a source of great relief to her.

CHAPTER XL.

The second day of the trial was one of anticipated triumph by Mrs. Sitterly, who, for the first time made her appearance in court, attended by quite a train of female friends. Convenient seats had been reserved for them, and their entrée created no little sensation.

The case was opened for the defence by Mr. Right, in a very loud, very flippant, and a very bullying speech, in which he frequently stopped for applause, which he was certain nothing but the rules of the court prevented his receiving.

Mr. Right assured the jury that they would not have their patience long tried in arriving at a conclusion, after hearing the evidence which it was prepared to introduce. He would premise to them, he said, three claims of testimony: the first of which was the counsel evidence to be forced by solemn judicial proceedings, held more than four years ago, when, after full investigation and due proof, it was decided that Herbert Harlow, the only son and heir of Isaac Hugh Harlow, was dead.

Blanc and Frederick exchanged nods and smiles here; Mrs. Sitterly used her cambric, and Herbert, ogling, to think, he was somebody else.

"The second variety of the defendant's proof," continued Right, "will be the testimony of more than a dozen living witnesses, who all know the late Herbert Harlow well, who remember him distinctly, and who will swear that he is not *alive to-day*."

Silence reailed more broadly now, and the little plaintiff looked in terror at him, and at Right, and at the grand Westerner, who, though he scarcely ever opened his mouth, was understood to be doing all the scientific work. He wondered how Evelyn could have been so misled about him, and whether she would still love him, now that he was found out not to be her brother.

"The third class of witnesses which I shall produce," said the counsel, affected loudness of tone, "are those who possess very delicate questions, which will be put to them, and which will require nothing less than the most delicate handling. I shall not, only say, if I may say, that when her testimony is removed very little remains to be done in the case, and the jury will sound relief."

Many eyes were turned towards the beautiful girl when this announcement was made, but her face was now a ruddy red, and she was in deep indignation and shame at the cruel and wicked charge.

Mr. Right had laid out a large job, and it took him some time to complete it. He would premise as Seth and Mr. Silky proved very troublesome to him, he would say, that the most relevant fact was Indeed very soon received at wind it was words; but when the witnesses were called to testify to what they had heard Herbert Harlow say, and to what they had seen him do, and to what he had been in the habit of saying him frequently, until the time of his supposed death, that he fully believed, not only that the plaintiff in this suit was not Herbert, but that he was the most striking resemblance to him. He was the more sure of the spontaneous declarations, as he was by no means certain that the latter retained no remembrance whatever of his own family connections, or a very friendly visitor of the family.

One of the more benevolent faces in the jury box looked sad when this strong testimony was thus urged against the gentle child—not that Lysde cross examined his legal brother, he drew from Mrs. Sitterly, in a very sly way, facts that had never been in the habit of playing with or petting Herbert, and never given him a gift present, or showed any of those little kindnesses which are always conducive to their relation, and cause them to be remembered.

The lady herself was in a state of drift of these questions until he had quite consulted himself, or he would easily have furnished a different set of answers.

But shaken as it was, there was still a very good deal of evidence to be given in favor of it was strengthened when the witnesses were called to impeach Evelyn's testimony.

The grave doctor's views were very decided on the subject, and as his evidence was interlarded with many Latin and Greek phrases, and with quotations from Hippocrates, Galen, Doctor Abernethy and Doctor Cooper, they were not without much weight.

Sour Sarah was also an effective witness upon this point, inasmuch as she most fully believed all that she said, and consequently related it with an air of truth. She gave many instances of supposed irritated language and conduct on the part of Evelyn, being little accustomed to the society of a young lady, which were very highly colored and distorted by her own imagination. But the crowning proof which she instanced, was Miss Sitterly's running away from home with a young man and going to New York, when she might have gone "like a lady with her own parents, the same day."

Other domestics in the family, having been fully informed with the idea that the young lady was "out of her head," had of course imagined that they had seen many evidences of it, which were all ready to tell their story.

Even little Bessy Yost had been pressed into the service, and although so young, her constant companion upon Evelyn, it was thought, might give weight to her evidence—while her retires time would also have its effect upon the jury.

But when Bessy was brought upon the stand, and taught the eye of her friend, looking serene, but fully upon her, she suddenly deserted her post, and rushing to Evelyn, she clung with terror to her knee, and utterly refused to be coaxed back.

Right rose to insist on his rights, but the heavy counsel shook his head, intimating there by, among many other things, that it was useless to be done, whereupon Bessy was excused.

The day was consumed in these examinations, and most of the next in counter evidence on the question of Evelyn's imbecility; but then, in the afternoon, Mr. Lysde examined a new witness—the main issue.

Mrs. Sitterly's sounding magnanimity at an early period in the trial, in relation to Aunt Ally, proved had jumped at a somewhat liberal mode of procedure, which had been confided to Seth and Mr. Silky, and the case was conducted without the usual strict regard to rules, and with a freedom of action which, while it pleased, of permitting the whole truth to be freely elicited.

Aunt Ally was called on the part of the lady defendant, served to some extent to counteract the unfavorable spirit which examination had enabled her, through her counsel, (two of whom were Seth and Mr. Silky, of course, because) the more easily to suppress and distort testimony.

It had not escaped the attention of Seth that, although in many of the former depositions of Mrs. Sitterly had been brought on the stand, the name of Mrs. Sturgis had not been produced. He remembered her strange conduct, when she first saw Herbert at Mr. Lysde's, and the effect which the latter man had fully recognized him, although hesitating meeting the contrary. Why, he asked himself, had she proved too strong to be produced? He communicated his suspicions to Mr. Josh Silver, who having managed to obtain the interview with Maggie, had related to him the assertion that she was not to be called "for reasons she knew nothing at all about," he believed.

Yet she had lived in the family at the time of Herbert's abduction; she must have a decided opinion one way or the other, thought Seth, and if she is not a valuable witness for the defendant, she must be for us.

Acting on this belief, he boldly subpœned her, and summoned some of the rich he rig, as fellow newly confident that a servant whom Mrs. Sitterly had so much reason to know was a mere mistress of principle, worthy of reliance.

He was not mistaken. Great as was Madge's power of using brought into court, (and it was only equalled by Mrs. Sitterly's unwillingness to have her produced,) her sense, she boldly told the truth.

She said that she had recognized Herbert the first day she saw him—that she had not a doubt in the subject, and never had; but she considered she had "sold a bit of a story to the mistresses to keep her place, for," but said she wouldn't swear to an untruth for all the pieces in New York.

Madge said, moreover, that she never would have wronged her dear boy "for love or for money," but she did not know there was any property in question; and as for Herbert, she had thought he would be better off anywhere than with a mother that "wouldn't own her own blood, indeed."

She seemed disposed to keep nothing back; nor, more especially as she was cheered by the smiles of Evelyn and Seth, and was rather inclined than intimidated by the angry glances of her mistress.

She knew her place was not worth an hour's purchase, but she had resolved to make this sacrifice to truth, and to pounce for her former wrong-doing.

Her evidence seemed to make a great impression on the jury, and it acted as a sort of lever to splendor much of that solid mass of testimony which had been accumulated on the other side.

Yet it was, of course, impaired by the fact that she had come told a different story—and also, none still more so, by unscrupulous witnesses, produced to impeach her character for truth.

When the day closed, and Seth summed up its results, he fairly knew whether he had made any material headway.

But his celebrated was still impressive.

CHAPTER XLI.

When the opposing parties assembled on the ensuing morning, the origin of which was up general victory were still stronger on the side of the powerful defendant.

The doughty knight, who almost with visor down, "of battle" in her name, the heavy defy browed man, said even less than usual to his chattering colleagues, but he looked unutterable strength.

Blanc and Right were merry, and even jovial, whispering gaily together, now and then bowing low to one or another of the gay circle, which was constantly around Mrs. Sitterly, or perhaps wailing a kiss over to that cenie of beauty blooming until their regal Fabian.

Punctiliously polite to Messrs. Lysde and Silver, they still looked as much inquiringly, as I really wondering why they should still keep up the farce of using it, when every assault was so fruitless and fully repelled. The question in their minds was not whether the plaintiff's cause would stolen their flag or not, but when they would strike it. At what particular juncture of these amazing proceedings would they lower their colors, and gracefully surrender?

They could gather little from the countenances of their opponents. Silly certainly did not look like giving in the day, and Seth evidently expected at bright smiles with Evelyn and her little party, as those which illumined the other side of the room.

"Let them keep up the illusion as long as they can," whispered Blanc.

But there was nothing like vaunting in Seth's department, and when the court announced for roll call, and called upon him to proceed, there was something of solemn emotion in the tone of his voice as he recalled his last witness, which attracted general attention.

"*Mr. Archibald—hold!*"

"She's dead!" said Right, in a hurried whisper to his colleagues. "Mrs. Smyth told us all about her. She died two years ago."

But, dead or living, there was a response to the roll, in the approach of a tall man, in black, heavily veiled, who, after no difficulty in finding her way to the witness stand, having took her place upon it, and seated orders.

"Your name, if you please?" said Seth.

This request was no sooner complied with than little Herbert (who, throughout the three days' trial, had preserved the most profound silence), "to the general astonishment, leaped from his mother's lap, and threw his arms around against the unnamed Sitty, scrambling over the backs of desks, during under the feet of the table, to make his way out of his confined quarters, he would that his mother's veil, and leaping with joy, threw himself into the arms of the good lady, whose emotion seemed scarcely less than his own.

The scene drew tears from many eyes, but others, those of the enemies, were full of suspicious exhibition of affection, Seth beckoned to little eleven Sitty, and he came to him with nonces in a very loud whisper to Frederick that he "was not exceedingly well pleased with that gentleman responded with his usual "Yaas."

Mrs. Smith was sworn, and gave most testimony which carried consternation into the camp of the enemy. In addition to much which had been proven by other sources, she testified that she well remembered the day by which the boy plaintiff was known when her brother, Doctor Waldover, brought him home, and that it was "a bright day."

All Right's ingenuity could not make her say that it might possibly have been something else, very similar to sound; and he could only try to make her admit that it was not a clear day by saying that this witness was one of the class known as "weak minded." He thought a little more positiveness would serve her friend's cause better.

Mrs. Smith was sure that she could not help that; she could not be *her positive* if she had dreamed it was not a bright day, which was equally unpleasant for the defendants to hear.

She related many things which the boy of six years had said to her about his father and aunt, his relations, and especially about Evelyn, which, although they had been detailed from the witness stand more narrowly, during the inquest or succeeding years, now went far towards his identification.

But this testimony was not received without much opposition, and many objections and exceptions, which the court was required to overrule, before it was fully received. Moreover, it was the "plaintiff's own declarations," it was urged, "and as it was exceptionable as regards not to be; and yet it had a very evident effect upon the jury, and had much influence—an effect which was rather increased than diminished by the manner in which Seth received the same and dare to disparage it.

He seemed to triumph at all these boundaries of the foe, and the expression of his fine eye said positively

"Keep quiet, gentlemen. There is something worse to come."

"You know her, you've asked the witness," what your brother advertised this boy to be over or more than a year after the death of your child?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you see the advertisement at the time?"

"I did, sir."

"Have you?" exclaimed the young man, taking from a drawer of the table before him a bound book of old papers, and opening it at one the pages—and extending it, opened, to the witness, "please to read it to the jury, and the interviewer which your brother caused to be inserted."

The witness took the book, and with effort slowly reading the notice, answered in the affirmative.

"Please to read it then to the jury."

Right and Blanc sprang upon-bounded, in their feet, but their Westerner colleague brought them down with a green stare of his massive eyebrows, and said, aloud to be permitted to look at the book.

It was handed to him, and after glancing through it, and convincing himself that it was the genuine document, he rose to read it to the jury, nor, but could most easily be authenticated as to the precise time when it was published, and said that it might be used.

"Please to read it, sir," repeated Seth.

The witness read:

"Left Home, a boy calling himself Herbert Harlow, aged about six years, was brought to the hospital in ——— street about five weeks ago, by people who, it is believed, have no claim upon him. He is very pretty, has curly hair, blue eyes, and says that he has a sister called 'Evy.' (Evelyn just down her head and wept.) Any person who can give to this child any obtain further information by inquiring at the hospital."

The greatest sensation pervaded the entire audience during the reading of this notice, and many eyes were turned towards Mrs. Sitterly.

with the apparent expectation of seeing her rushing at her to acknowledge her clabs, and clasp him to her heart.

They saw no such thing, but instead of this, they saw her whispering soilingly to one of her companions, and then holding up one finger as a signal for her husband to come over to her.

The elegant Frederick, was quickly at her side, and after he had whispered earnestly to him a few moments, he returned to his place and said Hoss. She rose to converse with him, and many people who had caught a view of her face, were impressed with its ghastly appearance, although it was retained in calm.

Whatever may have been the nature of her communications, Simon acquiesced in it with many nods of approbation, and soon went back to his seat to transfer the message to the great man, who wrinkled his great forehead expressively while hearing it, and smiled approval at his close.

During these fluttorings, Mr. Bight had been engaged conversing with Mrs. Bolt, putting only a few unimportant questions as long as the attention of his colleagues was engaged by their consultations, and then going more seriously to work.

But he could make nothing of the witness, and after a little while he was quite willing to permit her to retire.

Then came counsel for the defence straw, with majesty in his mien, and addressing the court, he said that "the extraordinary evidence which had just been produced, (loudly exclaimed dissey there his position was) Mr. Herbert Barlow's death, and the otherwise complete vindication of the claims of this distinguished citizen, fully justified the liberty he had taken adopted by the distinguished defendant in relation to this affair. This conspiracy to defraud, she designed, dated very far back, and that its primary steps had been taken within a few months after the death of her son.

Among those steps had been the insertion of this very advertisement in a city newspaper, and in one in which it was most likely of all others that it should meet her eye.

"It had indeed been necessary to wait long for the consummation of so stupendous a fraud. Time must be given for the growth of the unconscious of the deceased child to forget the lineaments of his loved face—and for the counterfeit heir bearing some resemblance to him—time to train him to the part in the extraordinary drama.

"But he was instructed further to say, and he said it with unbounded reluctance, that it should be shown that the date of the advertisement encompassed very closely with the ingenious document. Note, which had doubtless led to it, and of which, we have discovered a young professional brother, now present, he would say nothing more—except that it had become a stern necessity to offer proof in regard to it."

And as she had formally vouched as above with an expression of countenance which said, "*But publish, read notice,*" quite as plainly as he had given utterance to those words, the minds of both jury and spectators upon that sweyed back to a state of painful uncertainty.

For, of course, understood as the closing parts of those remarks, but to both Seth and Evelyn they were even more painfully ambiguous. The domestic event which had been so nearly consummated by the aid of the counterfeit of Seth's rejection by Mr. Silurely as a suitor for the hand of his daughter, in the memorable interview which had resulted in the young man being virtually dismissed from the house.

Then the discordant levity manifested in the pursuit of a supposed heiress, and fully cognizant of the recent abduction of the latter, plainly was, had from that hour concealed this extraordinary document; that the young lover, whose child had been weakened by excessive grief, both for her brother and for her lover, had been so deeply deceived by this counterfeit heir, and that this view of the case was encouraged by the consideration that the pretender's debut was at the house of a relative of the elder Mrs. Silurely, and under his immediate auspices—all these points had of that ingenious and unscrupulous lawyer which had resulted in the young man being virtually dismissed from the house.

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Their differences were settled at last by comparing their minutes with those of the judge, who then said they were ready to proceed.

But as this lasted a sudden sensation occurred amidst the crowd, which thronged the court-room to hear the jury, and a figure arose up to the front which at once attracted general attention. It was a tall, pale, and ghastly man, whose air was highly suggestive of the medi-home, whose long and unbrushed hair streamed in all directions from his head, and whose lidstarred gaze seemed to look upon his guests frame. He gazed a moment with unconcern upon the crowd, then, with long and rapid strides, he advanced to the witness-stand.

"Some sir!" he said, in tones so hollow and sepulchral, that they seemed to issue from the charnel house than that region of life and light, and as he spoke he extended his long, thin, trembling arm towards the clerk who sat immediately in the centre; and handing a dirty Book, he repeated eagerly, almost fiercely, the words, "*Swear me!*"

But commingled with his words, rising above them, piercing every ear, filling the entire room, and coming back in echoes from the lofty ceiling, a shriek, which none in the crowd could ever forget, appalled the vast audience, and caused even the accustomed witness to start backward in dismay at the sight. Every head and eyes were turned in the direction from which the shriek had issued, and immediately, and there, amidst a circle of distinguished ladies, the excited form of Mrs. Silurely was discovered in the arms of her friends.

"Mother! Mother! Mother!! Open the windows! Water! A doctor!!"

Such were some of the hasty exclamations which were made, while rising on every side, and passing from mouth to mouth, they reached, and upon desks, the excited crowd tried to catch a glimpse of the person who had called to them.

Mr. Silurely and Simon were of course instantly at the side of their friend, and two or three gentlemen, who had come with the witness, were at the trial, were as quickly in attendance. But the sudden sensation occasioned by fainting had been used for some minutes without effect, and the lady remained in the exhibit scene when the court at once adjourned, and the jury left the room. The strange man, whose appearance had produced so much excitement, had left the moment he had delivered the Book, and it was perhaps not the less that he had been ejected.

Mrs. Silurely, more pallid and seemingly more alarmed than the husband of the unfortunate woman—quickly brought her to herself, and a few minutes of consternation, between his sister and his daughter, and his friends and acquaintances, succeeded her senses.

"Oh, my dear, dear, *What* was he? Had such one seen in what direction he went?" he asked, with eager appearance. Alloway.

"Never mind Mrs," replied Frederick, quickly, "it's all over now. Some crazy person, who had seen her terrified poor Louise, for she was quite in one of her nervous moods when she left home this morning.

"But I don't know no signs of seeing you!" he inquired, of one of the physicians who had been in attendance.

"Stand back and give her more air," was the only reply.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

"LUCY'S FLIRTATION."

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

It was of a different sort from the one Lalie had been honor-bound in the beautiful ballad that sang, but, it was very much more fun—for me, and not for Lucy, I suppose. Could Scudder and "the tother" be the very matter of fact Scudder and Tother, who were among Lucy's earliest school.

It was one summer afternoon, I came from a lecture on chemistry, in "No. 3" of the great hall, and found myself in my own room at "No. 9" in the house.

My roommate, and bosom friend, Lucy Russell, was always ready to meet me at my door with a welcome, and a kind word on each side. But on the night of which I speak she was not there the first time. Of course I could not think of going out without seeing her, so I sat down before the study table, and by the open window, and waited. Lucy was a favorite church stood on the common just before me, in the centre of a beautiful landscape. Beyond it lay the mountains, at whose dark tops I loved to look, because they were the highest peaks the eye from Plaza I called my home. I busied my eyes with the scene, and my mind with thought on the white house under the maples, and with the boys going down to see my guardian read the paper by the window, generally with two or three others, or my boys in their shirt-sleeves, with coats and Sarah walked in the garden, studying botany. Alloway.

"Christabel" or "Kaisa Khan," and thought perhaps of some of the "Lalla Rookhs" in the gorlor, that song.

"Ah!" I said, to myself, in the sense sigh, "how little heart beats can we

to which I used to listen, in the moonlight, under the springs that sang to the accompaniment, and fancy myself in Italy—how Mary chatted with a voice of music, and sometimes sang herself while Fred stood near the piano, in love with his brilliant musical genius, and overwhelmed with envy, as I contrasted all this life and sound with the silence of my own chamber, which I had grown desperately homesick. I used to write, in those days, what I called "poetry," and compose a sheet of paper and a pencil near me, I began to compose some more, accordingly, and then when the door flew open with a great bang, and Lucy ran in, and threw herself into a chair. "I there was no writing, as a matter of course.

"Why, Lucy, what is the matter?"

"Faithless young women, where have you been?" was the reply. "Come, walk, and I have nearly lost my wits, thinking you had come to grief somewhere. I was just going to write an elegy."

"Thank you, my dear. Supposing you try your hand at one to-night?"

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing. How did the chemistry go off to-night?"

"Just as usual," I said, yawning at the bare recollection. "It is getting to be a terrible bore, and I wish I had never begun it. Only a fellow would grow dust and dumb by degrees."

She laughed, but as if she nothing heard what I was saying, and leaned her head upon her hand. She had a pretty round face, dark hair, and very dark eyes; but that night she looked as grave as a judge, and we sat a long time without speaking. The moon rose finely in the east, and I was watching with deep interest the way in which she silvered over the edges of the passing clouds, and presently looked up over them, fair and full, when somebody whistled faintly under our window. It was like the note of a robin, three times repeated, at short intervals. I was going to lean out to see what it could be, when Lucy sprang up, pulled me back, and waving her hand, sat down on the arm of my chair and kissed me.

"Are you mad?" was my first question.

"No—no—I promise you will say so," was her not very coherent reply. "The fact is, I don't want you to say something."

"What precious nonsense!"

"Because I am going to ask you to do something for me which you may think very odd. I know you will."

"Very much so," for she was leading me with caresses, and I did not care much for them, "and I mean to do it."

"You miserable creature! The long and short of the matter is—I am going to elope with Will."

"You—are—going—to—what?" I said, in slow astonishment, turning round and looking her full in the face, which was all flushed bright.

"To elope. And I want you to help me."

There she sat, tapping her foot upon the carpet and looking by turns serious as if she had proposed a walk to the next confectioner's shop, and then laughing. What I did not know was her to be in earnest.

"Do you mean to say you going to elope—and with—and who with?"

"Why, Will Scudder, because I want to get married—and with Edmund Slayton," was the quiet reply. "Now you know all, and you have become one of "us to the knee and elopement," which was for the moment the most ridiculous thing in the world.

"Lucy, Lucy, Lucy, dear Russell, was a stern, reproachful tone, "what in the name of common sense, could I, can sure, have used his knee for you to do such a thing? Why, Lucy, you are only a child. She was his only daughter, and almost idolized her. Besides, her father destiny had been settled over a bowl of punch, by the burgher, Lucy was to marry the Judge's nephew, Edmund Slayton, and Edmund Slayton was to marry Lucy. Everybody knew it. "Bitie with" when he were dressed for a party, or to receive company. The children grew up together—she, an arch little romp, and he, a boy with whom she had a rude and boisterous boy, who thought girls were nuisances, and who would have had a fierce plaything with her, because his schoolfellows would have laughed at him. Lucy was fond of him too. By and by they quarreled to such an extent, that Lucy was not allowed to come, and she had remained for three years, receiving visits from Edmund, his father, his aunt, and nobody else, but occasionally a boy friend, or a governess—quite happy in her own house—in the sudden mail, her self-willed old father, and her faithful nurse. Then she became a lover, and was inclined to think better of Edmund than she had done for many years, and how pretty Lucy had grown. No one could blame her for that. Edmund had come to see her, and they had grown to be on the best of terms. Lucy was to be married in the course of the year, and Edmund was to leave college and go to the bar. Everything was settled, and it was perhaps not the less that he was the physician who had attended her brother.

But Walter Palmer was not the worst of the business. Lucy was a child, and she had been according to prescription, and Lucy, forming no exception to the general rule, was in love with her unfortunate little lead to look to another than the lawful husband. But "the tother young man" as foolish and unreasonable as any boarding-school miss, and they came into my room, a young gentleman named Edmund Slayton, who was the son of the proprietor of our college, and whose blue eyes looked unutterable things at me. I was very much afraid they would begin to repeat "as girls," who were all too learned to be romantic. Miss Lucy had come to a decided crisis with the young pair, and had declared that on their last day received, requesting her to come to her room. "I have a plan to throw Scudder off the scent," and "get ready to marry Walter Palmer," were the words. Lucy, with characteristic frankness, then very night, and John Denny (a boarding-house friend) and I were to accompany as the most fitting assistants in their escape. The plan was to be carried out, and was taken by Edmund from his father's room. John Denny, a young law student known to me, and watch outside to see if the coast was clear, and then whistle a tune, and the signal was to meet the eyes of his brothers at the end of the street, and then to be off. Lucy was to run down-stairs and wait upon the steps, while I undressed and went to Miss Lucy softly out, and made all right after the whistle. Then Edmund, one grim of sense amidst all this foolery. As to the elopement, he said, it was all very well pointed, "as the saying is, but taken pity upon Lucy's self-willed old father, who had been so very good to her, and who would be miserable without her. She was only twenty her father's property, becoming entirely her own at twenty-one, and she might as well wait a year, and be married properly, and have a handsome wedding, and with her own consent, than run away like a couple of beggars. Besides, Walter Palmer was a fine fellow would grow dust and dumb by degrees."

She laughed, but as if she nothing heard what I was saying, and leaned her head upon her hand. She had a pretty round face, dark hair, and very dark eyes; but that night she looked as grave as a judge, and we sat a long time without speaking. The moon rose finely in the east, and I was watching with deep interest the way in which she silvered over the edges of the passing clouds, and presently looked up over them, fair and full, when somebody whistled faintly under our window. It was like the note of a robin, three times repeated, at short intervals. I was

"My dear," she said, with a heavy sigh, "I think she moon never shone on two greater fools than we were then. Take warning by me, and never elope; marry for money, rush, or anything you wish, but for love—" She went her white hand in the air with a scornful smile, said "good bye," and sank down gracefully into her old seat again.

I have never seen her since, nor shall I ever believe in domestic peace or happiness any more!

EVREMOND MOTT'S FAILURE.

BY CLARA SIDNEY.

On the summit of a graceful elevation which overlooks the romantic meanders of the River Side, and which also commands a fine view of a beautiful street, that intersects the grounds at the base, stood the beautiful mansion of Evremond Mott, Esq., surrounded by grounds rendered delightful by the combined efforts of nature and art, while for the back ground it had the mountains and the dark evergreens of the forest. All that wealth could import had been lavished to render this spot the seat of enjoyment; and all the appointments of the house were in the most costly and magnificent style.

The dinner hour of the Mott family is seven o'clock, but the guests were assembling a full half hour beyond its usual time, and Mrs. Mott and her daughter decided to assemble her family at it sitting down to eat without her husband and son being there. Her handsome (daughter of a forty-eight years old) face shows signs of anxiety and trouble, and she looks often out at the window from which she approach of the carriage which was to bring her husband.

Amid the smiles and pleasant tones produced by the numerous guests present, Evremond Mott, Jr., the tardy father at last entered. His presence instantly banished the brightness from each face; and without noticing the embarrassment which his wife received him, Mr. Mott took his place at the table.

He drank in mostly silence of the cup which he had been presented to him, and as he sat attempted to eat the food refused to go down.

At length he pushed away his plate, arose, and with haste he arose from the table and left the room.

Anxious and alarmed, his wife followed him to the library, where she found him alone, and there were seven, ranging from the ages of sixteen to thirty, dancing in the parlor to the sweet music.

As Mrs. Mott entered her husband's chamber, she saw him standing at a window from whence he could obtain a delightful view of the surrounding town, and of the broad river below. Hearing and his wife now, with quick sympathy, knew that even when still at a distance.

"What is it? Will you never confide in your own wife, Evremond? I cannot of you to tell the cause of your distress?"

Mr. Mott drew his wife to the window.

"Do you see those vessels?" he said. "See our own beautiful grounds, and the pleasant scenes around us? Well, Jane, they are all, for the present, I am a bankrupt, owning not a shelter on the world."

* * * * * * *

Every one has his virtues as well as his faults, and Mr. Mott was an honest man. Had he been a dishonest man, he might have retained many, at least than he had been for the past two or three years. Honesty is said to be the finest, men who, had they been in Mr. Mott's circumstances, would have begun to suspect what was coming, would have taken care to be "the elegant $75,000 residence, and several other handsome properties, to which they might have proved. Often and often men do not know the value of their houses; often and often men do not know what seeds are in their children, and so it was with Mr. Mott.

As is apt to be the case with proud natures, when Mr. Mott began to see that he was going, and when he had confessed his situation to her wife, which was a very hard task to a man with his confidence, he wept like a very infant in her arms. He had those tears did him good, and the sympathy and consolation his wife's woman bent on which, of fact, he had come to true, did him good. From that hour he seemed to be a new man altered and a better man. His beautiful home was no longer a source of pride to him, he was no longer a noted man on 'change, nor a leading man in society, and, in short, he had found compensation for all that he had lost, and the blessings which he had gained.

And the loss of the comeliness and luxuries of life, he was soothing to his wife and children, compared to the pleasure which the new kind of happiness afforded him.

For better, a thousand-fold, is it for persons to be poor, and to have the love of their lives, than to be gorged with riches, and to be so unfortunate as to cook out of the ranks of his former business associates. The latter has accustomed him to start a sort of manufacturing concern which would employ his capital, and give employment to his children, such of them as were old enough to be of use to it. But it was but a great while, for prosperity once more began to smile upon him, and he found his wife and children themselves entirely to their cousins.

Mr. Mott, Jr., is now a man, with a pleasant smile, as her husband was cheerfully taking care of his improving business. Jane is not what she was never again grow so rich that you will find her in the society with which she and children, that you will become again too grand to be seen with your former friends, and you will, and, returning to your old opinions that women are nothing but dolls, and that to be happy, unsocial, and ungrateful ways, that you will be, you will become ungrateful and your family, that you will be, you will become a poor happy future so completely tumbled down and destroyed."

* * * * * * *

UNMARRIED LADIES.—The single state is no indication of the beauties and amiabilities of the female character: on the contrary, our present the world lose many of the greatest, and much, likewise, of what is absolutely essential to the happiness of every pair of society, and even of the private home, without the unmarried ladies. The single woman is an important an element of social and private happiness as the married woman. The selfish are the less efficient; but it is vulgar nonsense, unworthy of the name of a gentleman, to laugh at any one, or depreciate the unmarried condition.

* * * * * * *

DISTRUST all those who love you extremely upon a very slight acquaintance, and without any visible reason. Be sure your guard, too, against those who confess, as their weaknesses, all the cardinal virtues.

He who wishes to comprehend the present and understand the future, must take his lessons from the past; for it is there that he finds the roots of the present, and the germs of the future.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NIAGARA—1857.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Wild from his northern fastness
The loud, prophetic river,
Sowing the limitless fields of air
With his deep-voiced, infinite thunder,
Tramples the dark cliffs underfoot
In his headlong, glorious mission
To the shaken hills, and the echoing caves,
And the gray, primeval forests.

Back from his awful forehead streams
The blossom of all the ages;
The shaggy lengths of his hoary locks
Dashed wild against the headlands,
And wide on the rushing tempest sweeps
His mantle of revelation!
And, grasping the fadeless bow of heaven,
His shadowy hands,are lifted,
Whilst he shouts in the dialect of the storm
To the cowed and trembling nations!

The winds take up the mighty strain,
And the forests bow before it;
And on the hoary-fronted rocks,
And the limitless brow of heaven—
In light and shadow and burning stars,
In the leap of the subtle lightning,
In the rainbow's smile and the sunset's dream—
Is written the broad translation,
And the green isles thrill with an inner sense
Of its awful rythm—Jehovah!

Alone, in his chainless might sublime,
And grand as a frowning angel,
He pauseth between the vibrant crags,
Old as primeval darkness,
Shaking the hills with his psalm of strength
Like the voice of the resurrection!
Whilst out of the hollow, abysmal font
Of the Universe he poureth
The white, baptismal wine of God,
Distilled in the spheres of thunder,
On the penitent, upturned brows of earth,
Cooling her ancient fever!

THE ONE ERROR.

A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

CHAPTER XIII.

SAUL.

A lioness robbed of her young, a tiger baulked of his prey, would but poorly represent the wrath and fury of Saul Meghorn when he found that those whom he had imagined already captured had escaped.

Rage and amazement for some time blinded him too far to allow him to perceive even the mode of their egress, and again there flashed upon his mind, momentarily, the suspicion of his follower having played him false.

But a very slight investigation, pursued with more coolness, gave him the explanation, by the discovery of the opening, partly of what had been a window, enlarged by tearing away the decayed framework of the shed.

There was not a question in the mind of the half-maddened pirate as to his course: this fresh baffling of his power was a new incentive. He swore, with redoubled fervor, that he would again make himself master of his escaped property, and, for a brief interval, revelled in the notion of the vengeance he should take. But then came the question: here were the six cross roads, each leading to a different place, and not the slightest indication to afford a clue to preference.

East, west, north, or south, with two intermediate, they might have gone, and, in all probability—as, with an oath, Saul owned to himself—the very one he should select would be the farthest from the one that the fugitives had taken.

So he sat, uncertain, debating with himself, panting for pursuit, yet tantalised by uncertainty. At one moment he blamed himself for not having retained Yawmans to assist him, then again he bethought him of the risk, and repeated all the arguments for the necessity of secrecy and caution.

"Would to Heaven I'd never seen the wench!" he said, bitterly, as he struck the table before him heavily with his fist; "what has she ever been to me but a torture and a sorrow? I had sins enough to answer for without that! They could never say I had killed a fellow in cold blood till then—not till then; and she! she would give me up, ay, to a dog's death, though it was for her—oh, if I had never seen her! And yet, and yet, though I know it, I feel it, and that even now she may be planning my ruin, I love her!—ah! love her, my God, with a love such as puling boys and girls never dream of. Oh, wretched woman! oh, Nelly! oh, my wife!"

He threw himself along the settle, and lay wrapped in his cloak, booted, hat on head, ready for departure; yet so he lay for some time, and the inmates of the "Trouble House," well knowing their patron's humor, were careful not to intrude, though they peeped at a distance, and made their own comments, as small men will do on the actions of their superiors. The day was far on its progress when Saul stamped loudly with the heel of his boot; and shouted for the landlord, who quickly appeared.

"A horse! I want a horse!" Meghorn said, hurriedly.

The host of the Trouble House was about to demur or explain, but Saul repeated, "A horse! and the swiftest you can get," in a tone which must have closed a bolder and less dependent mouth than that of the host.

"Be quick! I'm in a hurry," he added, as the landlord disappeared with a humble bow, and retreated into the depths of his domesticity, where, in showers of blows, kicks, and curses, distributed among his family and menials, he in some sort avenged himself for the treatment he submitted to from his patron, whose last order drove him to his wit's end.

By what feat of legerdemain the horse was procured, which in the course of the next half-hour stood at the back door of the Trouble House ready saddled and bridled, it would be difficult to say. Saul heard its arrival, and met it at the door, where the landlord awaited him with all the attention due to a respected customer.

Here, however, a ceremony was performed the opposite of that usually marking the departure of a traveller.

At a word or two from Saul, the other produced a small bag from beneath his waistcoat, and handed it to the smuggler, who having taken thence some pieces of money, and slipped them into his belt, returned the bag to the landlord; and, with a gruff good-day, rode off.

The very brief sentence in which mine host apostrophised Meghorn's back as it slowly disappeared, was not exactly that in which one would commonly "speed the parting guest," but had the other hazarded a guess upon its nature, as he rode along, he would in all probability have conjectured pretty correctly the substance of it. So much for the friendship of rogues.

The determination to which Meghorn had come was to take each of the roads in succession as far as a given and principal point. He calculated that by the swiftness at which he should travel, he would thus command at once three of the roads, and the least frequented, in the time by which the woman and child could have reached that point in either. One of the others he knew to be so much more frequented, that in all probability she would be timid of pursuing it, or in that event, it would be easy to obtain information of her, even by the most careless inquiries.

Thus he reckoned to command, as it were four of the separate routes, which he having traversed, and not finding traces of her, he would then enter upon the next, still in sufficient time to overtake her, if she were upon it; while the sixth lay across so wild and impracticable a country, that the fugitives must be compelled to pause, or faint by the way, long before they should have attained the spot he had fixed upon as the corresponding goal—if we may so put it—with the rest.

He planned ably and carried out his intentions in the same spirit, but I am not here to tell you, for the first time, of the small accidents and petty chances which overturn even the most cunningly laid schemes; nor how those very accidents one may esteem the direst hindrance and misfortune, shall prove but "blessings in disguise."

The road down which Chob Laxity had, all unconsciously, played the part of charioteer to Nelly and her child, was the very one on which Saul had counted for obtaining, with certainty, some information of those he sought, should they have taken it.

Had Mistress Laxity held her marriage vow in higher reverence, and, honoring her liege lord with due loyalty, failed to be moved by the gossip's story of his companions, the Blue Moon would have harbored in peace its two helpless guests, and on the evening of that very day when Saul put up "doucely" and soberly at the old inn, pursuing his inquiries with all caution, have been rendered up to his tender mercies as the rightful custodian of a runaway wife; old Featherston's bachelor infirmity disposing him to believe the worst that could be told of the sex, and making him prompt to relieve himself of the infliction he dreaded.

But we have seen how things did fall out, and how—when Saul, having made a whirlwind sort of progress by the three first roads, had taken the fourth more leisurely, believing that his wife must have availed herself of some conveyance, which would be almost certain to have stopped here—Nelly was in fact escaping into the very path over which his horse's feet had passed but a few hours before.

He gained the information here of the manner in which his prey had been conveyed from out of his very grasp, and which good Chob would certainly have withheld, little as his own experience could have disposed him to regard with favor the sex he had befriended; but the host of the Blue Moon did further assist his guest with such suggestions as occurred to him on the probable route the woman had taken.

A wagon had gone out of the yard but a few minutes before, having two women and a child by way of passengers, and driven by a lad; it was a likelihood so visible that Nelly should have been even offered a seat in the vehicle and accepted it, that Meghorn's eagerness quickly converted the hint into a certainty, and taking an abrupt leave, was quickly in pursuit of my readers know what—an empty chaise.

He came up with the wagon, and called on it to stop in a manner that set the women screaming for help and murder, and the boy on his knees to blubber, while the supposed highwayman rummaged the straw and packages, and, with an oath, started again forward at redoubled speed to make up for lost time.

The remainder of the course he had traced for himself was achieved with as little success. He thus had completed almost a circle, intersected, as it were, by his various tracks; but had not returned to the first, which, with few deviations, the unhappy woman continued to pursue, and thence struck across the open country, enduring various hardships and distress, till in her extremity Providence sent her help, as I have described in my last chapter.

Meanwhile the Daredevil lay at anchor, and her crew, right fitted to the name of the vessel they manned, began to murmur at the delay.

"It won't do, yer honor! upon my soul I can't keep 'em quiet no longer, and I won't try. I ax pardon, Capt'n, if I offend. I ax pardon, yer honor, but I put it to you, Capt'n, if you would ha' stood it, man or boy! to snift the salt water, day in and day out, and to see the guns rusting, as ye may say, and the luck a-giving ye the go-by, and a-rotting the while like a longshoreman, or a sick gal in yer hammock."

They had met, mate and master, in the cavern at Deepgang; the setting sun tinged the waves like blood, that rolled up the sands and rippled to the feet of the two men, as they stood without the cavern.

"These ten days as we have wasted, yer honor," the mate went on, "what we might ha' made on 'em!"

"There, there; be silent, be silent," said his superior, hastily; "have I not said we will sail the day after to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, an' to-morrow, and the day after to-morrow!" muttered the veteran; "why not to-night, yer honor? why not to-night? A fair wind and a clear sky, and the first o' the month."

"I must have one more day, Yawmans," said Saul, hurriedly, "one more!"

"*One* more, and then another, and again one more," Mat growled; "well, yer honor will do as ye please, but for me——"

"*Well, for you?*" his commander said, fiercely, and turning sharply round, "go on, 'for you!'"

"Well, Capt'n," the other said, after a pause; "I've sailed under you years in and years out, and this here hand has been at your service many's the day, and never shirked of nothin'—but I do say I'd cut it off, ay, I'd as lief cut it right off as ever I'd ha' come to see yer honor a taking on and a shallyin' ashore, with the wind fair, and the Daredevil manned, and a strainin' at her cable like a full blood-horse at his bridle-bit. And I do say it's a sorro' and a sin, and that's all."

Saul's eyes flashed fire, but he said nothing till the man had done speaking; then, with folded arms he stood, crushing his heel down into the golden sand and snow-white shells that flecked it thickly.

"I *must* have to-morrow," he repeated.

"And *then?*" the mate asked gloomily.

"Bring her round here to-morrow night," replied Meghorn, "and when I give the signal send a boat off."

"The signal?"

"A red light upon the cliff."

"It shall be done," said Yawmans. "And yer honor won't fail us now, the lads——"

"Did I *ever* fail them?" interrupted the pirate, hoarsely, and facing round upon his subordinate, who quailed, as of old, beneath the flash of that eye he now marvelled he could have braved so lately.

"Ay, ay, it shall be done," muttered Yawmans, as the captain signed that the conference was ended, and moved forward to the beach, while Mat commenced ascending the cliff.

"It's easy saying, but does he mean it? Will he come? It passes me altogether to see a man like him, as would ha' faced the very old one himself, laid on his back for a bit of a woman. Why, I mind the time when he didn't care a straw for a whole cargo of as black-eyed Spanish wenches!—well, well, it's my belief this piece of goods have bewitched him, and that's just it. She'd never ha' made her way out of that cowshed where she'd cast anchor that blessed night, if he hadn't been more'n ordinary. But we'll be here, we'll be here, never fear, Capt'n."

He paused for a few minutes upon the summit of the cliff, to look back.

Meghorn was pacing to and fro still, with folded arms, and eyes bent upon the ground; now and again he stopped to crush his heel into the sands, or kick from his path a coil of seaweed or mesh of twisted maiden hair, cast upward by the waves.

"Eh! I wouldn't be her to fall into his hands just now," muttered the outlaw, interpreting after his own fashion these silent demonstrations of his chief. "I wonder what'll he kindle to-morrow night to show us a light," he mused; "the church, maybe, if it bean't too far inshore."

Meghorn visited his lonely dwelling but once more that night, and then only to buckle on anew the cloak and belt which had rarely been laid aside these ten days past.

A sudden inspiration had brought him back from the heat of his pursuit to Deepgang two days before. He had made the tour I have described, had pursued his search to a considerable distance in another direction, but as he failed of the least clue, without success, and had suddenly bethought him of the possibility that the flight of his wife might have been feined, to send him in pursuit. He remembered she must have been unprovided with resources, and that she, having lain in wait till he was fairly away, might have returned to procure money or valuables.

Acting on this idea, he turned his horse's head—it was the third animal he had taken into service—and spurred homewards, to desolation and discomfiture. Yawmans, who had guessed pretty much of the truth, had arrived soon after, and listened to the tale of the escape without surprise, and, in fact, with secret satisfaction.

He expressed his conviction of the supernatural aid which alone could have released the prisoners, and urged his remonstrances upon his superior. But Saul, though well nigh weary of the pursuit, and despairing of success, was yet disinclined to own himself vanquished, and while sneering at Mat's conjectures of the supernatural, he could not resist the idea that Nelly must have been aided in her design and plan of escape by some one more astute and better furnished with the needful means than she could possibly be.

He felt intuitively that his good fortune, hitherto proverbial, was forsaking him, that Fate had declared herself with the opposition, and with a gloomy desperation he listened to the arguments of his mate for what he knew full well was his imperative duty, resolved on one last and comprehensive swoop, and then, with the fierceness that impelled his every action, to tear himself away from the scene of that fatal and deceptive act in his existence, and to plunge anew into the risks and daring of his former life.

"So now for it!" he cried, as he strapped on his riding cloak, and set forward to where he should take horse to commence his familiar journey.

"I don't know what it is," he muttered, "makes me fancy I shall come up with them this time—I care not with whom she be, I care not who be by; she may do her worst, and I'll trust to my wits to answer her, or my own strong arm to drag her back. Let the brat go, I care not; but she is my wife, and she shall come with me, though she have a hundred to back her, or may have discovered the worst."

For the best part of that night he was on foot; the early dawn found him at a lonely spot miles distant from Deepgang, at a solitary dwelling amid rocks, half public house, half fisherman's hut, and where the owner again seemed on terms of intimacy with the outlaw, and where more than one fleet horse awaited his selection.

"Yawmans been here?" was the query with which he returned the hoarse greeting of the host.

"Not since yesterday, Capt'n."

Brevity seemed to suit both equally. No more was said; some meat and rum, taken standing, hastily broke his fast, then he mounted the horse, that stood just without the shed that housed him and his fellows, and rode away up the flinty and winding path with ease, that showed the animal to be well accustomed.

It is needless to dwell upon that day's pursuit, which differed in no way from the last, save in its headlong speed, and the recklessness with which he now made inquiries of all he met.

For many reasons Meghorn would, at another time, have been chary of exhibiting himself in broad day, and in a style so calculated to fix the observation of his fellow-men. But now all idea of caution was lost in the one sole, fixed desire that held possession of his being.

Between the rising and the setting of the sun he had made a circuit of some seventy miles—neither food nor rest had he taken since he seated himself in the saddle; his horse was growing weary, and flagged in its pace; but for himself a fever glowed in every nerve, that forbid him to think of repose.

He saw the day close, and night come down upon the world. The "one day more" was over—his task was ended; nothing remained but to cast the past to the winds, and begin anew to live for "glory" and for gain.

"She has escaped me—it is plain," he said within himself. "I must delay no longer, unless I would be reckoned a traitor and false to them, and forfeit forever the name I have so long maintained. Bah!" he cried, with an oath, "*she* is not worth it—poor, weak fool!—miserable wretch, that could not understand nor share the force and fire of a passion such as mine! So even let her go! But, oh! if we meet—ever meet—even in another world, if such can be, oh! she *shall* feel—she shall understand and answer to me the agony she has made me feel."

He had turned his horse's head now towards the beach, and the bridle lay loose upon its neck. Weary and halting, the creature subsided into a walk; and his rider, intent—sunk in thought—took little heed of their route, till he was brought to a stand-still by a spiked iron fence of enormous height, which extended to a considerable extent on either side of an ancient, moss-grown gate, that formed the entrance to a large, square-built house, lying some short way back from the road.

The horseman looked up at the building, then round him, up and down the road—he failed to recall such a landmark, and then, for the first time, perceived that he had missed the road.

He again took the reins in hand, and endeavored to regain the path he had quitted; but the night was very dark—the similarity of hedgerow, field, and sheep were so similar, that he found himself getting only more confused; for Saul's excursions had rarely led him far inland.

In one of his turns he found himself at the wing of the house apparently inhabited—saw the reflection of a light, and thought he distinguished voices.

He rode round till he came to a side door, from a low window near which the light had been visible. He dismounted, and leading his tired horse, knocked loudly—intending to inquire whereabouts he was, and, perhaps, to seek other information, should appearances give any encouragement.

At the first knock a chorus of canine voices rose upon the air, and effectually prevented any other sound from being audible.

Saul waited till the clamor had somewhat subsided, and then knocked more gently, at the same time raising his voice, he begged to be told the name of the place, and how far it was from the coast.

For a minute all was still—the dogs appeared to have been quieted; there was a hurried movement within, and the light disappeared.

Again he knocked, and again in angry tones repeated his demand.

But no answer came—the loud bark of the dogs sounded from another part of the building; and, after a few minutes' delay, Saul, with an angry oath, went upon his way.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT FAULT.

But Nelly was unaware of her second deliverance, insensible to the narrow escape she had had; for her the terrors of anticipation, or the gratitude for dangers avoided, no longer existed; for the time life and all its cares, all her own troubles, and weariness, and heart-breaking were a blank.

When good dame Tibbetts again visited her patient, before herself retiring for rest—after the alarm of herself and niece, occasioned by the unusual application at their doors, had subsided—she found the poor woman in a high fever, and in a state of mind bordering on delirium.

There needed not much consideration on her part to decide on remaining by the bedside of her strangely-found charge; and dismissing her niece at once to her night's rest, she entered upon the self-imposed duty, like the veritable Samaritan she was.

Through a whole week of painful, tedious sickness these kind creatures nursed the unhappy Nelly; the dame administering her own simple remedies, soothing her troubled mind, and restoring the fainting and suffering frame.

The malady did not take any turn so alarming as to induce the good woman to call for medical aid. She had through a long life neither sought it for herself nor others whom she had nursed through far worse affliction, and perhaps she did not err very much in the reliance on nature, left to herself.

The stranger was suffering, in fact, from the reaction consequent upon excessive tension of the powers, bodily and mental; the last stroke of terror had overcome her, and she lay utterly prostrate.

For two days and a night she wandered pitifully in her mind, at times talked of things utterly incomprehensible to her kind watcher, chiefly exhorting her to protect and save her child, of whose welfare she never lost sight, though failing to recognize even her presence.

As much as was possible, they kept Ida from her room; the pretty niece, Rachel, being quite content to make her her constant care. The child was never happy but by her mother's bedside, yet she yielded to the young woman's caresses, and was soon won to relate, in her artless way, many incidents of their weary flight, and of much preceding it, that set Rachel pitying, and filled her with curiosity to know more.

Rest and kindness, nourishing food, and more than all, a blessed sense of safety, gradually restored the sufferer, and at the end of the week she had left her bed, and was sitting with her child upon her lap, beside her good Samaritan, to whom she had been relating so much of her story as sufficed for the general understanding of her situation.

The good woman sat for some minutes in silence, then she said gently—

"I guessed much of what thee hast told me; perhaps it might be from some of what thee hast said in thy sickness, unknowingly. And I am glad thee hast told me truth, else I should have thought worse of thee, judging, as I say, what was thy grief. Young woman, I am sorely grieved for thee, indeed, and thy case seems a sad one, yet I cannot approve thy act.

"Thou say'st thy husband was harsh and unkind, and that thy life was aweary; yet thee should'st remember that He who lays the burthern upon us will not suffer it to bear us to the earth, and that, though we bend and groan beneath its weight, we have no right to cast it from us, nor to say, 'It is heavier than I can bear, I *will* no more of it!'"

She stopped, for Nelly, leaning over her sleeping child, was weeping.

"Nay," the dame went on, "do not think me harsh or unkind. Indeed, I am but saying that which I believe, and which I deem most wise and prudent, and befitting one who has a Christian part to fill.

"God had seen fit thou shouldst be this man's wife, and thou hadst so accepted him. Was it then for thee, after thou hadst so become, to judge him? to cry, 'He is unworthy of me; I will quit him who is my master and my husband, to whom I have pledged my life and my troth?' What wouldst thou say of a servant, even, who should so quit thy service unadvised?—and how much more wert thou to him thou so didst leave?"

"But my child!" sobbed Nelly. "I felt I could not live long—and to leave her to him!"

"Has the good Lord not care for the smallest of these?" said the old woman, solemnly. "Will He sleep now, dost thou think, that thou shouldst tremble for His charge?"

"I have not told you all, quite," urged the afflicted woman. "I had cause to suspect him of a fearful crime—a crime that would cause his life to be forfeited. I did not wish to be his death; but I could not, could not——"

"Till *death* do us part," murmured the dame, in a clear, urgent tone; "it was so thee didst say, my child, and has thy oath been kept?"

Nelly bethought her that it was indeed by *death* they had been parted, and of its bony symbol now lying hid away in the folds of her dress, where, with the ring, she had stitched the skeleton hand, for security. But she said nothing, though she now saw, as in a vision, the fresh obstacles that she must encounter in this the rough path she had chosen.

Her well-meaning friend continued—

"I must hope thee will not think me harsh; indeed, we pity thee—I and my niece—very much, for this dear innocent one yet the more, and would do all we might to aid thee; and so I would gladly see thee acting as beseems a good woman and a dutiful wife. For who should a man trust to in his need, ay, even in his errors and shortcomings, if not to her who is bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh?—to her prayers, to her intercession, to her healing words, and righteous consolation? Bethink thee, my child; when I saw thee lying yonder in distress, would I stay to ask wert thou in sin or shame? wert thou of the chosen of Heaven, or but a castaway? Thou wert in trouble and suffering, and we succored thee, and but did that we should have done had crime been written on thy forehead. Then how much more shall be expected of the one who, by her own lips, is pledged to love, and obey, and honor in all things, second only to God? If she quit a man, even in his evil ways, who shall follow him thither, to seek and to save him?"

The unhappy wife wept on. The dame, whose zeal had warmed into an enthusiasm, and who feared, perhaps, that the sight of the younger one's tears might move her to more display of weak human nature than was consistent with fit austerity, now rose; and, taking the child from the weak arms of its mother, laid it upon the bed, and tenderly covered it. Then she quitted the room. But Nelly was not left long to shed her tears in solitude. On tiptoe, presently, stole in the kind-hearted Rachel, who, setting down beside her the basin of nicely-prepared food for the invalid's supper, spoke soothingly, as she made little arrangements for her comfort.

"Pray, don't thee cry," said the girl; "my aunt never means to vex you, or any one: she only speaks for the best. She is so very good, it do seem hard for ordinary folk to be like her. The right do not seem always so easy. I am sure *I* know that, as I have had her teaching ever since I can remember. But don't thee fret; and when thee's a bit stronger thee will see things more cheerful—I know thee will do so; and my aunt means thee to stay till thee be strong and hearty."

Poor Nelly! here was a new difficulty—a fresh penance to be superadded to that accumulated burden she already accepted as the life-long expiation of her first error!

At that moment she felt, heavy as was her debt of gratitude, that she could have turned from the house of her benefactor without a word, to seek once more her fate; but with the consciousness of incapability came reflection. She was compelled to acknowledge in her heart much of the truth of dame Tibbett's exhortation; felt, too, now utterly impossible it was for others to sympathize with or understand her motives; felt that she must henceforth be content to be condemned and scorned by her fellow-creatures, on a verdict against which, though she might appeal to her own conscience, she could elsewhere urge no valid defense, and that submission and resignation would be her sole refuge.

A few more days passed. She gained strength, and urged her wish for departure. Ever since she had begun to sit up, she had insisted on employing her hands at some needlework—the only means she possessed of testifying her gratitude, and the unusual skill and beauty of her work had gratified the old woman extremely.

From Rachel, Nelly had learned the cause of the disturbance that had so alarmed her, and, to her relief, that Saul had only inquired the road.

"It might have been a traveller that had lost his way, or it might have been some evil-disposed fellow," said Rachel. "Aunt thinks it was, as the barking of the dogs seemed to have scared him, for when we got to the upper window, where we answer from, he was gone. It would not do, thee knows, to open the door to all at night, and we but two lone women, though the dogs are a safeguard—that is certain."

It was a poor chance, the venturing forth again in uncertainty, and Nelly felt it to be so; but she was greatly restored, and her little daughter seemed almost to have forgotten her share of their troubles in the pleasant life she now led. Indeed, Nelly dreaded a longer continuance of ease, and determined on at once setting forward.

She had already urged her wish, and been always induced to delay by the kindly persuasions of her new friends; now she announced her resolution fixed.

She was alone with the dame when she said this. It was evening, and little Ida, with the gentle Rachel, was enjoying the delights of the small garden—the only cultivated piece of all the vast wilderness that surrounded the house.

Nelly, with the most fervent expressions of gratitude for all the kindness she had received, had told her she should depart with the morrow's dawn.

"And thee hast thought of what I said," asked Dame Tibbett, earnestly; "thee will return to thine own lawful husband and his home, or thou wilt tell us where he may be found, that we may send for him to come to thee. It would, indeed, rejoice me to restore thee to him." To be continued.

WHAT TROUBLES US.

It is not so much that we lack what we need, as that others have more than we do which causes us to be discontented.

We are too apt to become envious, and then, *of necessity*, we are dissatisfied and unhappy.

One of the hardest lessons we have to learn is that *we are never wronged*, however much greater blessings are poured on others than on us; so long as we get more good things than we deserve, *as every single soul of us* that breathes on the earth *does* get.

What if our neighbor does not deserve it any better, what if he does not deserve it one quarter as well; if it pleases God to give him good fortune, it is none of *our* business. He has a right to do as he will with his own, so that no one is wronged.

Perhaps he keeps us down in love, and raises others up in wrath—who knows? We know he does *right*, and that's about all we *do* know. Nay; we know another thing, viz., that great prosperity seldom improves the moral and spiritual condition of individuals of our frail race, and we *might* know, had we sense enough, that the gratification of all our selfish heart's cravings is nothing which we need to desire. But from the cradle to the grave we envy one another.

Yesterday, as we passed towards the ferry boat, we purchased of a little flower-girl a bouquet for our study table. The day was warm, and instead of seating ourself in the cabin, we walked forward, and stood where the cool breeze could refresh us, and a sunset view of the river meet our view.

Just as the boat started we heard a woman's voice calling.

"Georgie, Georgie, you must not go away from the door."

At the same instant out darted a small, flaxen-haired creature, clad all in white, and holding in his hand a very pretty bunch of flowers.

He evidently had not been taught to mind the maternal command, for he showed no intention of returning to the door; but skipped lightly about among the people, with his smiling gaze fixed upon his flowers. He seemed delighted, and perfectly happy over them, and the pleasure that shone in his soft little face made it beautiful.

We thought the child lovely spite of his disobedience, which we decided instantly was all the fault of his mother.

Presently he lifted his laughing face to see if no one beside himself was admiring his treasure. His blue eyes rested on the large bouquet in our hand, and suddenly his countenance changed. Changed totally—surprizingly—hardly could there have been a greater difference had his head been whisked off his shoulders, and that of some infuriated little imp been put in its stead. We could hardly have believed that the features of a little child *could* be so distorted by envy and rage. He frowned, stamped, screamed, and ran to his mother with his now despised nosegay, imperiously demanding a large one like mine.

Really I did not know but I should be expected to yield my flowers to the youthful sinner.

This was rather an extreme case; but it made all the deeper impression, and "Oh!" thought we, "what a demon is envy! Who shall deliver us from its power?" G. H.

A WHOLESALE WISH.—At a recent dinner of shoe and leather manufacturers, the following toast was given:—"May we have all the women in the country to *shoe*—and all the men to *boot*."

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

MY CREED.

BY ALICE CARY.

I hold that Christ—in grace abounds
Where sins' in num—ber—that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love's name.

I hold all else, named piety,
A sickly scheme—a vain pretense—
Where centre is not—that we live
By circumference.

This I moreover hold, and dare
Affirm where'er my rhymes may go:
Whatever things be sweet or fair
Love makes them so.

Whether it be the stickle's rush
Through wheat-fields, or the tilt of shower,
Or by some cabin door, a bush
Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn bail, nor stated prayer,
That make us saints—we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
From works, or knowledge—but I know
The blood about his heart
Is icy as sleet.

CAPTURED BY WILD HORSES.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

The most exciting and perilous ride I ever had, (told an old gentleman, while he had spent a great portion of his life in travelling through different countries,) occurred on the plains of the Northern Mexico, a good many years ago, while on a journey westward from Chihuahua to Santa Fe. Our cavalcade consisted of seven persons, six horses, and seven mules. The individuals were myself, two friends, three servants, and a guide. My companions, self and servants, were all mounted on good, high-spirited horses, the guide rode a mule, and the other mules were laden with our luggage.

One warm, pleasant day, as we were jogging quietly over a long, dusty stretch of prairie, our guide, who was riding some little distance in advance, and who had just ascended a swell of ground that enabled him to see much beyond us than ourselves, suddenly wheeled his mule and came galloping back to us with terror depicted in his every look and motion, and shouting vociferously:

"Indians! Indians! Save yourselves, Sickness —save yourselves! Are Maria Sanctissima!"

We drew up in one, ordered the guide to stop and calm himself, and then looked quickly and excitedly to our women. These we sought to be assailed by some of the roving bands of savages which infested that section of the country, and for which with impunity committed their diversations upon the timid and scarcely protected. We were not in the least improbable; but we were well armed, had previously prepared ourselves for just such an emergency, and had not the least idea of retaking ourselves to flight.

"These puny Mexicans are always scared at their shadow!" said William, the eldest of my friends, a strong, powerful, determined man, who was ever ready to have some sport. "Come, I will lay you a guinea, Johnson, (turning to me,) that these Indians amount to only a small fraternity of buffaloes after all."

"I dare not take the bet," said I, "for I am of the same opinion."

"Let us ride forward and see for ourselves," replied Sickness, the other friend about me.

In another minute we were dashing up the swell where we [illegible] and from its summit we beheld, afar in the distance, a grey cloud of dust stretched far along the horizon, evidently made by a large body of running animals, but whether buffaloes or horses we could not yet determine.

Whichever they were, it seemed clearly a stampede, and there no buffaloes either could come out such an immense body of warriors; but with this conclusion we were far from feeling at ease; for they were unmistakably coming toward us, and we might be overthrown and trampled to death, or lose a portion of our horses and mules in the thundering rush past us. We were all now collected on the summit of the swell, and our servants were much alarmed at the sight; but our guide Pedro, after having convinced himself that there were no yelling Indians coming for his scalp, became quiet as his own and as the swelling cloud gradually rolled nearer and nearer, and threw a look of wonder, not unperceived, he remarked, is a issue of indifference, think it was only a body of wild horses.

"Are you certain it is not a stampede of buffaloes?" inquired I, while some misgivings, not feeling half so well satisfied and convinced as the man who had nothing more than his own life to lose.

"Oh, yes, Señor—my eyes are good—and I am certain they are not buffaloes, but horses."

"And are we in danger of having them here?"

"Oh, no, Señor—they are very timid, and will shy as soon as they see us."

"Nevertheless, it is as well to be prepared for the worst," said Wilkins. "I do not know much about these northern droves of wild horses; but in South America, a body like this is apt to give travellers a good deal of trouble. Let us bring our horses and mules into as close a body as possible, and every man endeavor with a right rein to hold his own animal from bounding away to join that, while we all shout loudly, if they near us, to frighten them off."

His directions were immediately complied with, and then in almost breathless suspense we awaited the result. On came the long, dusty line, spreading far out to the right and left; and presently we could hear the reverberating thunder of the mighty rolling mass, every moment growing louder and more distinct, while the earth began to quake from their strong and heavy concussive beating hoofs. Now we began to see in the foremost line, as the cloud of dust occasionally rolled upward, the graceful and symmetrical forms of wild mustangs, and soon beautiful and of crested four-footed animals, and knew for a certainty that we were likely rapidly approaching a tremendous drove of wild horses, one of the most splendid sights on the prairies of our northern climes. Louder sounded the thunder of their advance, and more and nearer did they came to our view, till at length we could hear the rapid pawing of their hoofs, and see the beautiful form of the coal black leader, as he gallopped, pranced and curveted in advance, and all the wild and joyous freedom of a proud steed of the wilderness.

Then far our mules had stood quietly huddled together, and our gallant steeds had only showed their interest in the exciting scene by pricking up their ears, changing their bits, glancing sharply at each other, steadily toward the coming body, and uttering an occasional snort; but now they began to grow somewhat restless and uneasy, backing, dancing, and springing forward, and requiring all our skill and strength to keep them in their proper places.

"Unless we can turn yonder leader of the drove, who seems bearing directly down upon us, we shall soon have trouble here," said Wilkins, somewhat excitedly. "He is near enough to hear us now; and to hit or begin by shouting, my men, and shouting lustily. Come, all together now!"

Instantly we sent forth a series of shouts and yells this would have done credit to a band of savages. We could see that the leader heard us, and, by certain unmistakable signs, that his attentions was now fixed upon us; but notwithstanding all this, he did not seem disposed to alter his course, but came thundering forward as if with the design of rushing through our little body and trampling us beneath his feet.

"By heavens, gentlemen, this is getting serious!" exclaimed Stanton, as his horse made a sudden and violent spring forward, nearly unseating him.

"The dense take the brutes!" cried Wilkins, as his own beast began to snort and whinny and rear and pitch in a most violent manner.

So far my high-mettled steed, recently very docile under the saddle, had given me little trouble, but now, unexpectedly, he caught the bit in his teeth, and, with a loud, furious snort and neighing, plunged down the slight declivity, and made directly toward the leader of the herd, who, as the two rapidly neared each other, in spite of all my efforts to the contrary, finally turned off on one side, with a powerful whinny, shot in his own course, my alarmed and excited companions, and made a rapid circle around me, followed by more than a thousand of his nearest companions, others, reaching the rear, turned and left, and then [illegible] completely encircled me in a very close, as it was mighty drove.

Though wounded a good horseman, I no longer had the slightest control over the beast I rode; and with a feeling of alarm and terror bordering on despair, I found myself at the mercy of the wild animals, shut in by a cloud of dust, and more than five thousand wild horses whinnying, neighing, prancing and galloping around me—a living whirlpool, of which I was the first victim, to be drawn down, as it were, at any moment, to a speedy and terrible death.

Suddenly, with a whizz snort, and a louder neighing than before, the drove struck off in a different direction across the plain, and I found myself swiftly and alone, though alone in the very center of the rushing and thunderous cloud of animals. I lost guide him out of the excited ranks—but I might as well have attempted to manage the lightning-bolt of heaven.

Oh, that fearful ride! as on, on we sped, in that cloud of dust and terror, I was at first jaded and excited, and all things swam around me, and I felt sick and faint, and experienced cold shivings and springs, and a thousand deceitful illusions that chanced to present themselves and fancies that had no connection with the awful reality. At first I thought of my dear, devoted friends behind me, and wondered if they had escaped unharmed, and if they would follow on to my help my fate or try to save me from an awful doom; then I thought of my parents, and of home, and pictured the gloom of sorrow that would overshadow them when they should learn the awful truth concerning the wanderer; and then succeeded a long period of those wild fantasies of which I have spoken, and which I can refer to those which gather around the brain in the hours of a burning fever.

And yet, on still, on, for many a long league, the cloud of dust flying before me, and the roar which led now become a regular stampede.

The next fear that succeeded was, that, finding a good breeze, that came from the low-crowned mountains to my right, the drove would change my general brave, and rolling back the dust, so that I could see around me, and my fate at once. I looked around upon the undulating sea of rushing animals, and wondering my terrible situation, began to wonder how I had come to be placed in such peculiar and such danger, and to consider the chances of my ever escaping. We were nearing the rougher lands that stretched along the base of the mountains. The sun was passing over more humid and uneven ground, where the drove was fast loosening, and the dust not increasing; and my own horse at least, though still quite jaded and excited, appeared less rolling under the heavy weight he carried, clearly encouraging me to make a desperate effort to keep the speed of his free and untamed companions. I could only succeed in getting a few others pass him, I should then be liberated and saved, and therefore I resolved to make the check his wild flight, and succeeded in a slight degree, but only for a moment, when, seeing him, pushed him forward, and gave no hope; and I finally saw that if by any accident he should fall, we should both be trampled to death in the hoofs; so I gave him his head once more, and, grasping the mane, I gave myself up [illegible].

I was now nothing terrible from the effects of my ride. My throat seemed swollen, and my breathing was almost gone, and my tongue too large for my mouth, and my lips were parched; my forehead, hot and burning, was also burning with an enlarged and throbbing brain, and my eyes [illegible] burned, as if they were full of fire. I was rapidly perishing of a consuming fever—rendered more intense by my fatiguing and exciting ride under a hot sun and through a cloud of dust. But, as I have said, a strong breeze had now sprung up, and succeeded in a slight degree to clear away the dust and cool the atmosphere, which had before been close and stifling, and this, pushed him forward, and gave no hope; and I finally saw that if by any accident he should fall, we should both be trampled to death in the hoofs; so I gave him his head once more, and, grasping the mane, I gave myself up [illegible].

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The rest of my story is soon told. As soon as the wild animals had staked their thirst, they formed again and trotted away to a green valley about two miles distant; but my own poor beast seemed to have lost courage for his wild spirit, and, with drooping head and tail, remained to crop the grass there where he was. I dismounted from the tree and secured him, and then bathed, quenched my burning thirst, and felt as if I had taken a new lease of life. But fatiguing, I rode out upon the plain, to consider my next move, when I espied a jaguar, which, with a joy no tongue can express, I beheld my friends and servants. They had escaped, and followed as fast as they could the broad trail of

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us through the mail. We state this because we know that many persons suppose that writing to the Editor of a newspaper is the process of obtaining the answers to them. They are all promptly written, carefully in good faith, and answered to the best of our ability.]

H. E. G.—What is the best business for a young man to embark in? It is a very foolish question. The best business for many young men is starvation—ruin. The best it requires only a moderate share of brains, and a good will to make short the going over. Before we can form an opinion as to the business that is most suitable for you, we should need to know your capabilities and quality. If we were not constantly in the receipt of similar

E. L. G.—This correspondent asks why the relief of Holland is not as much thought of as that of Hague, Ireland or Russia. Because by the Dutch name of the place in the Queen's Bench, which means the Court's Member. The English contraction of the name simplifies the article. For a similar reason the Irish call the Scotch "Paddies," and the Scotch called the Irish "Hibernians," and the Hibernians called the Scotch "Sandies." Every one of these designations is made later in the day, and